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THE

GLANVILLE FAMILY.

BY

A LADY OF RANK.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON :

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER.

GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1838.

LONDON :
STEWART AND MURRAY,
OLD BAILEY.

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THE
GLANVILLE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

I know the sound of Marcius' tongue,
From every meaner man's.

SHAKSPEARE.

“ And listening senates marvelled as he spoke.”

“ They come to dine,
And drink our wine,
And yet they don't propose.”

“ WELL, this really is too bad of the Beaumonts,”
said Julia Harrison to Kate. “ I could not have
believed this even of them, well as I know their
pushing ways.”

Kate's ostensible employment was drawing
a pattern, but that was merely mechanical; so

every now and then, she made a slight masterly sketch in the blotting book, of the back of a man's head. She was not clever at features ; but the hair of some people sits in a peculiar way, and she was satisfied with the likeness. If any profane eye approached, a few extra scratches hastily applied, turned the portrait into a crab or a spider.

“What have they done now ?” she asked rather languidly, for the absorbing nature of her own position made her lukewarm about the general interests.

“Why you know that when Eliza Beaumont dined here, she met Mr. Spry, who papa says is such a rising young man. Well, he was so surprised when I said that I never had heard any public speaking ; and he pressed me to come some evening to the House of Commons, and said that he would get me two orders at any time. He said too, that he was to bring forward to-night a motion for reducing the prime minister's salary to three hundred a-year, and that would pave the way to a good debate. It

would give me an opportunity of hearing Dogget and Snip, and all the great speakers."

"Ah! Mr. Butler heard him say Dogget and Snip, and laughed very much; he thought them such odd names."

Kate's tender reminiscence of Mr. Butler's laugh encouraged Julia to proceed; it at least proved that she was listened to. "Of course I thought it was all settled, and it would have been just the same thing for mamma to have chaperoned me to the House of Commons, as to Mrs. Bernard's dance. She never likes Mrs. Bernard's dances; there are no comfortable places for her to sit in. So we sent a note to Mr. Spry, to ask if he could procure the orders, and he wrote a note, full of regrets—that I must say for him, poor man! but he had already exerted his interest for Miss Eliza Beaumont, and he hoped we would employ him some other evening. Now, as on most other evenings we have fifty things on our hands, of more importance than the House of Commons, it is very provoking. I wish the Beaumonts

would leave our friends alone. I shall be careful another time who I introduce them to."

"Eliza was not regularly introduced to Mr. Butler, I think," said Kate, taking alarm.

"She said they were going to some stupid little party last night," pursued Julia, still harping on her own wrongs; "and there they must have met Mr. Spry. I dare say that Maria put her up to it. I wonder what she would have said if we had done the same with one of their friends. They cannot possibly deny that we knew Mr. Spry first, and that he is our property. I dare say that they will both go. I know that some girls do go there without a chaperon."

"I suppose that the speaker does instead. He keeps order, does not he?" asked Kate, in an absent tone. She was often absent now. It was so very odd that Mr. Butler did not propose. She began to be afraid of some hitch about money.

The Beaumonts had some conscience after all. Eliza sent and asked Julia to go with her,

and Mr. Beaumont would see them safe upstairs. He little knew that the order was obtained through such a radical channel; as Eliza said, there was no occasion to mention that. It was mortifying enough to Julia Harrison that Eliza Beaumont should be doing the honours of Spry's orders to her; but Eliza declared that he actually forced it upon her. Julia could not resist this opportunity of going to hear him speak. She had a confused notion that she and Spry were formed for each other.

At twenty minutes before five, Charles Dalrymple, big with the fate of his Rankin farms, solemnly conducted Elizabeth and Ellen to their elevated positions. He begged them to stand for one minute, while he poked his head successively through each of the unoccupied windows, as the holes in the ventilator are courteously termed, till he ascertained through which they might by chance catch a glimpse of the top of Mr. Trevor the county member's head. The very two which he had every rea-

son to believe commanded this advantage, were already occupied ; and it did seem a little hard, that the full glare of the solitary tallow-candle, which threw a flickering light upon the black rafters of the roof, should fall upon the lively countenance of Eliza Beaumont.

“ You are too early yet,” she said to Charles, “ they are only presenting petitions.”

Only presenting petitions ! He turned away from her, with a feeling of profound disgust.

“ By-the-bye, I must do something about Miss Rivers,” said Lady Elizabeth. “ Mr. Dalrymple, will you just step down to bring her up here—she must be near arriving by this time. I hope my little plan for her may prosper to-night,” she said to Ellen, as soon as Mr. Dalrymple, according to her directions, had ‘ set off ’ just to ‘ step down ’ seven or eight steep stair-cases. “ I saw Lord Raymond this morning, and told him that we were all coming here ; and then I persuaded Miss Rivers to join us. Not that she wanted much persuasion—she was quite delighted at the notion. Lord

Raymond thought that his house would be up early, and if he comes here, I shall really hope that it is for her sake."

Charles soon re-appeared, conducting Miss Rivers. Then two or three of the Spry family arrived. They were a source of great interest to Julia Harrison and Eliza Beaumont; and, besides, they insured the appearance of Spry himself in the course of the evening. After them came Lady Darlington, who was as regular an attendant at the House of Commons, as if the fate of every division depended upon her presence. Night after night, hour after hour, there she sate. The duller the debate, the more contented she seemed. She seldom withdrew her head from her window—never to address any particular individual; but there were four or five high-Tory speakers, whose rising induced her to say generally to her companions—"Now be quiet—here is somebody worth listening to." This she continued to do, very long after two of her favourites had settled that it was better "to march with the times,"

and had grown ultra-liberal in their speeches. Some ill-natured people were thus led to suspect, that she did not really understand a syllable of what was passing. Still her warning voice, entreating for silence, was not useless, for all ladies did not come from motives so purely political. They, like Lady Elizabeth, had their little plans, and not so wholly unselfish as hers. They thought that a member was pleasanter when he talked to them, only them, than when he addressed the House at large. They thought too, that it was pleasant to have one both able and willing to tell them what to think about politics, or any thing else; and when the refreshing sound of creaking shoes was heard, many an anxious look was cast, to see what form would emerge from the darkness visible, and what direction it would take; and then the little tea-table was called for, and then there were two within those walls, who had yet more absorbing interests to discuss than those of church and state.

The little tea-table was no neutral appendage

to the ventilation society. When parties ran high, when the wives of Whigs and the wives of Tories sate in unsocial fellowship, the demand for tea, and the ostentatious rattling of cups and saucers, marked the contemptuous opinion which either party entertained of the inimical speaker. While one-half listened with feelings of wrapt admiration, the other was doing the honours of a French roll.

Miss Rivers had not seen Ellen since the accident which had befallen the little boy. She was now able to confirm the good account of him that his mother had sent in the morning; and she thanked Ellen again and again for the kindness she had shewn.

“And Lord Raymond too,” she added, “I understand that he was with you. If I have no opportunity of expressing my aunt’s gratitude to him, you must do it for me.”

“But you will be able to do it yourself, I hope. We expect him here, do not we Ellen?” Lady Elizabeth asked significantly.

It might have been fancy, but Ellen was per-

suaded that this intelligence gave Miss Rivers no ordinary degree of pleasure. The joyful start with which she repeated his name, and then laughed away her own surprise—the benevolence with which she answered Eliza Beaumont’s follies, and Charles Dalrymple’s truisms—the affectionate manner which she now displayed towards Ellen herself—were so many proofs to her, that Miss Rivers, overflowing with happiness herself, could afford to do her best to give others pleasant sensations also. Ellen was really sorry that Elizabeth was flattering her into conceiving hopes, which she was very sure would be disappointed. Ellen need not have felt so sure. Men have been known to change the objects of their affections. A great many books, both of prose and poetry, would have remained unwritten, if they had not.

“The real business of the House is going to begin,” said Lady Darlington; “now be quiet;” and she took off her bonnet—deliberately tied her handkerchief round her head—fastened on her spectacles with some ribbon for fear they

should drop through the grating, and established herself in a listening position.

“ I must go down now,” said Mr. Dalrymple, “ though it is a little awkward for me to be present at the discussion of what may be considered a personal question ; but I owe it to Trevor not to absent myself ;” and he hurried down.

He might have spared himself the trouble, as far as his petition was concerned ; for that had been shortly disposed of full half an hour before he arrived.

“ Mr. Spry is speaking, my lady,” said the civil attendant, whose life seemed to have no other end and aim than to enlighten the ladies dependant upon his mercy for information, and to call their carriages.

“ Thank you, sir—some low radical, by the name and the voice,” said Lady Darlington, taking off her spectacles, and leaning back.

“ That is some old pensioned dowager, take my word for it,” the female next to her said, in a loud angry whisper.

The blood of the Sprys was up. Lady Darlington heard, and was perfectly unmoved. She was in the habit of saying what she thought, at all hazards, and was proof against the strongest retort.

“Do you hear, Eliza? Mr. Spry is up,” said Julia Harrison.

“I am not quite sure that I think his voice quite so pleasant in public as in private,” answered Eliza, in a low whisper: “it sounds rather shrill and squeaking.”

“He is obliged to be shrill,” Julia observed two minutes later. “They fidget about, and make such a noise in the House, I cannot hear a word.”

“Hush! I heard something about oligarchs just now. When I have done listening, you shall tell me what an oligarchy is.”

“I do not know myself,” rejoined Julia; “we will ask Mr. Spry when he comes.”

“There sits an oligarch,” said Lady Darlington’s enemy, facing right round upon her.

There certainly was something very exasperating in Lady Darlington's grunts, and signs of inattention.

"Why, Mr. Spry has finished already. Has he done what he wanted, I wonder?" said Eliza.

"Mr. Doggett will second his motion, ma'am," she was graciously informed by one of the Spry detachment.

"Mr. Doggett, my lady," said Lady Darlington's faithful attendant.

"Thank you, sir. Another low radical, and with a worse voice than the other."

It was very true. If Mr. Spry's voice was sharp and shrill, Mr. Doggett's was loud and bellowing. It was a happy moment for Lady Darlington, when the motion for reducing the prime minister's salary to three hundred pounds was lost in a division of five to three hundred and twenty. It was a happy moment too for Eliza Beaumont and Julia Harrison, when Spry came up to be caressed by his family, and complimented by his friends. He was modest about

his own efforts ;—there always will be modesty where there is real merit.

“ I gave it them pretty handsomely,” he said ; “ but, indeed, Miss Harrison, you must not compare my speech to Doggett’s. There was one hit of Doggett’s, which told amazingly—when he proved that a shoemaker or a wheelwright worked harder, and therefore deserved more of the public money, than a prime-minister.”

Julia was charmed with the justness and originality of the idea. Eliza looked rather grave. She suspected that her father would consider it too strong.

“ Was the division quite as good as you expected,” asked the proud mother of the Sprys.

“ Why, yes—the numbers not very high, perhaps ; but pretty well, considering the degeneracy of the times.”

“ Be quiet, here is somebody worth listening to,” said Lady Darlington.

The Sprys laughed scornfully ; but their scorn was lost upon her. One of her favourite

members was in possession of the House. Ministers had done their duty, by proposing some measure positively necessary for carrying on the business of the country ; and the opposition were doing theirs, by resolutely opposing it. If at that moment each party could have changed situations, each would have adopted the other's line, and each might have been sincere in supposing they were acting conscientiously ; for consciences are very much at the disposal of circumstances.

Good speaking is always pleasant to listen to, even when in support of fallacies. The radical family had departed, and all were as attentive as Lady Darlington could wish. But when the full deep voice of Frederick Percival was heard in answer,—when, carried on by sincerity of feeling, and the justness of his cause, ideas crowded so thickly upon him that even his eloquence was almost at fault, how to give them full expression,—when long and repeated bursts of enthusiasm rung through the House, till the most indifferent thrilled with the

sound,—then Ellen's cheek flushed, and her heart beat high, and could Frederick at that moment have read her inmost feelings, he would have had no cause to feel dissatisfied.

Almost immediately afterwards he was at her side, still excited and breathless, and Ellen did not withdraw the hand he clasped, while she poured out the fulness of her admiration, in words more precious to him than the plaudits which still seemed sounding in *her* ears. Even Elizabeth forgot to be disagreeable, and said more gracious things than she would have thought justifiable at a calmer moment. She felt that there are times when the wife of a politician may have not unenviable feelings of pride and exultation.

“You have never been here before,” she said, turning to Miss Rivers; “I hope that you do not regret having made the exertion.”

“Oh! no, no! how is it possible I should?”

These were simple words, but they were spoken with difficulty, and Elizabeth was startled by the strange agitation of her voice and manner;

but this was soon explained in a way that made her smile. It was clear that her plot, as far as one of the parties was concerned, must be in a greater state of forwardness than she thought. "You do not see Lord Raymond," were the next words that Miss Rivers uttered: "he has been leaning against that pillar for the last quarter of an hour."

"I felt that the House was still under 'the wand of the enchanter,'—that nothing I could say would be attended to," said Lord Raymond, as he shook hands with Percival, and congratulated him on the success of the splendid effort he had just made.

"Mr. Percival," said Eliza Beaumont, "this place is so dark, you have not discovered me. We have been quite delighted with your speech. It was so amusing to hear all the cheering. Julia and I thought it much more amusing than when Mr. Spry spoke."

Frederick's appetite for praise was satisfied now; he could expect no higher than this; so he returned to his seat in the House.

Lord Raymond did not take his place by Ellen. He really seemed interested in hearing Miss Rivers' first impression of public speaking ; and she seemed pleased that she could interest him, and talked of eloquence, till she grew eloquent herself. This was all that Elizabeth could wish ; but she began to grow fidgetty. Ellen too was a little bored ; she did not quite see what they were staying for ; she could not but think that there was too much display in what Miss Rivers was saying ; it was not the kind of conversation she should have imagined likely to suit Lord Raymond. It was rather a relief, when, five minutes after, the House adjourned, and Frederick and Mr. Dalrymple came to take them away.

Ellen had determined, if possible, to go down to the carriage with Frederick ; and it was fortunate, for she had no other choice. Lord Raymond immediately offered his arm to Harriet Rivers.

" I wish that papa would make haste," said Eliza Beaumont. " I am so afraid that we

shall get locked up here.—Lord Raymond, will you just tell me what side the man who spoke last was on?—That Miss Rivers was talking to him so, he did not hear. She seems to be always putting herself forward;—she talked just in the same sort of way to Captain Glanville. Lord Raymond would have staid with us, if she had not carried him off so.”

“Come, Miss Harrison,” said Mr. Beaumont.—“Make the best of your way after us, Eliza.—Do not get into that hackney coach by mistake.—I see nothing but hackney coaches.—That comes of your reformed House of Commons.”

It was raining hard, and some time elapsed before Lady Elizabeth’s carriage could get up to the door. Mr. Dalrymple fretted up and down the passage, and said how tiresome it was. But as that did not hurry it, Frederick begged Lord Raymond to take charge of Ellen, while he went to see if anything could be done. He returned almost immediately, to say that it was ready, and in the hurry of the moment offered

his arm to Harriet Rivers. Lord Raymond seized the opportunity to say to Ellen—"I am more anxious than I can say, to have five minutes' conversation with you. I will call upon you early to-morrow, and trust to your kindness not to refuse me admittance."

He then wished her good night: which was a little better than a mockery; for how could she have a good night, when left to ponder over such words as those?

CHAPTER II.

And these are rural pleasures, that a mind
Calm and uninjured can in villas find ;
But where the affections have been deeply tried,
With other food that mind must be supplied :
Tis not in trees or meadows to impart
The powerful medicine for an aching heart.

CRAEBE.

Who that would a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumbers of the dead ?
No—the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy.

CAMPBELL.

THE next morning, when Ellen had as usual given Lord Mordaunt an account of what she had done the evening before, and had talked over his arrangements for the day, she began upon a subject very near her heart. “ One more week, papa,—one more week, and we shall be at Mordaunt Castle. Oh! are you not glad? Think of the hay-fields, and the bright green lawn, and the roses, and the honey-

suckles, and the fine old elms, and the thick shady woods, and the singing of the birds, and our evening walks, and the beautiful sun-sets. The sun never sets any where as it does at Mordaunt Castle. Papa, do not you long for the first sight of it? And I shall be your own Ellen again there. We shall have nobody to disturb us."

"Not even Frederick," said her father, shaking his head at her, as he left the room. "Deceiver, you will wish for Frederick!"

Many minutes had elapsed since Lord Mordaunt had spoken, and Ellen still sate motionless. That bright sun, which would set so beautifully at Mordaunt Castle, was shining through the muslin blinds, and a profusion of hot-house plants looked fresh and blooming in its light. The lofty rooms were filled with every luxury which the doating fondness of her father could provide. The table before her was strewn with cards and notes of invitation, which bespoke no dearth of acquaintances and friends. And she—the presiding fairy of the

scene—young, and loving, and beloved ;—so bright and fair herself,—with all so bright and fair around,—was her measure of life indeed given out, brimfull of blessings without alloy ? —or was she even now sharing the common lot of humanity, and wishing for something more ? Yes, she was wild to be away,—wild for her country home ;—she counted every day, and every hour of the day, that passed, and brought her nearer to this haven of her wishes, as so much gained. There she would find rest and quiet,—all that she wanted now ; she should wish for nothing there.

But then, the words her father had spoken in jest recurred to her. He had called her a deceiver, and he was right. Her father—Lord Raymond—Frederick—she was deceiving them all. Frederick ! He too must think that she would wish for him ; but she did not—could not. His very presence was a reproach to her. She never could deserve his love ;—she, so weak and wavering, was every way unworthy of one so great and good.

A few hours past, and her thoughts were full of him, and her hand was clasped by him, to whom that hand was pledged. Why did he leave her? Why did Lord Raymond come, to make her restless when he spoke to another, to fill her with tumultuous fears when he addressed himself to her? And soon he would again be with her; and why should she tremble thus? She had long known—

“ For early comes such knowledge—
That his heart was darkened by her shadow.”

She had remembered her promise to Edward, and sought for an opportunity to tell him that she was the affianced wife of another, and now her coward heart was failing her.—“ Oh! shame! shame!” and she hid her face in her hands, as if some one were near to read her thoughts. But soon came better, calmer feelings. This was her last struggle; this dreaded interview once over, and all would be ended with him; and, in the months which were yet to intervene before her marriage with Frederick,

she would pray and strive, in sincerity of spirit, to render herself worthy of him. True, she had deceived herself; she had deceived him. Hers had been the fault, and hers should be the punishment. Oh! had she never, never met that other! she might have been still deceived; she might have still persuaded herself, that she felt for Frederick all of love that it was in her nature to feel. She remembered the day of Lord Lindsay's marriage, when she stood by the side of Frederick, and Mary knelt before the altar by him, the partner of her future existence, and repeated, in firm and gentle tones, the words by which she vowed "to forsake all other," and keep to him, and him only. Even then her heart died within her; and when Frederick addressed her in such words of whispered tenderness as an accepted lover might utter at such a time, how had she shuddered and turned away! Lord Raymond stood between them and the altar, and seemed to warn them off. Now she would teach herself to think of Frederick, as if those vows had been

already spoken ; and then she would shun those thoughts which, for the last few hours, she had allowed to take possession of her mind, as leading to worse than folly,—to guilt and misery.

The sound of approaching footsteps was heard. “ It is *he*,” she said aloud ; and it *was he* ; it was Lord Raymond. She did not rise to meet him ; she really felt as if she had not strength to stand ; but to outward appearance she was calm, and his first sentence did much to restore her self-possession. It was of Edward that he began to speak. He trusted that Lady Ellen would not think that he had acted officiously, but he had not been able to resist writing to him. He had confessed that he was aware he had been in London ; and had besought him, if he were in any dilemma from which a friend could help to extricate him, that he would not hesitate to confide in him, and to believe that nothing but the strongest wish to be of service could have induced him to hazard such uncalled-for interference. As Edward had

given him full permission, he now brought her the answer he had received, but he feared that she would hardly think it satisfactory.

Ellen did not trust herself to speak half the gratitude she felt. It was the brother he had been striving to serve, and she must not appear to think that it was for the sister's sake. The letter did not take her long to read. A woman would probably have covered four sides of paper, before she could have satisfied herself, or have hoped to satisfy her correspondent, of the warmth and sincerity of her gratitude. Eight more would scarcely have sufficed to explain, that under present circumstances all offers of assistance were unavailing. Edward, in six lines, evidently written under the influence of strong feeling, conveyed to Lord Raymond his heart-felt thanks for such unexpected kindness; in six more he owned that he was at that time in serious perplexity, but of such a nature, that he thought it not only unfair, but useless, to draw upon even so true a friend, as he had proved himself, for assistance or advice. He

concluded by saying, " I fear that poor Ellen is more anxious about me than I deserve. Will you add to all your other kindness by telling her that I have declined your generous offers of assistance. It will, I hope, persuade her that my affairs are not in a desperate condition."

" Dear Edward ! " said Ellen, " that is so like him. In all his former difficulties I really believe he thought more of the effect they would have upon me, than upon himself. Dear, dear Edward ! whatever he may appear to others to me he is the kindest, the most affectionate."

She felt that this was a softening subject of conversation ; and, interrupting herself, she added more cheerfully, " Well, as he chooses to keep us in the dark, I must try and be content to let him take his own way ; though I fear, from the turn of his letters, he himself suspects that at present it is not the very wisest way. At all events I am thankful, now we are on the brink of leaving London, that he is fairly out of it before us. I shall look at no more cabriolets in

Park Lane, for fear that comfort should be taken from me."

"Do you, indeed, leave London so soon—so very soon? Nobody is thinking of moving yet. Parliament cannot be up for the next six weeks—if then."

"But I am not in Parliament," said Ellen, smiling; "and papa can leave his proxy. The least sacrifice that you can make to your country and your party, is to stay through the summer and be stifled,—but that is no reason why we should stay and be stifled. We will breathe fresh air, which will seem the fresher to us, when we deign to cast a pitying thought on you."

"No; you will not dare to think of us with pity; you know that you will not. So long as London continues true to itself; so long as it is our sovereign wills to leave our country-houses tenantless, and to confine ourselves to this brick and mortar territory; you will look up to us as the originators of all events, the purveyors of all intelligence. The hour in the day which

brings your letters from London will be the most important in the twenty-four."

"You are quite mistaken. From the moment I cease to be an inhabitant of London myself, I look upon all those I leave behind, as mere puppets moved by wires, which each pulls for the other. None are left to act from their own free wills. As long as I remain, I am, of course, very proud of this refined slavery; all the victims are so; but the instant I am free, I class myself among a superior order of beings."

"I must believe you; and, indeed, I have observed, that there is a sort of mutual contempt established between the inhabitants of town and country, which is very satisfactory to both. You will despise us because we are dependent for our happiness upon the passions and caprices of others; and we shall despise you, because you are in ignorance of the daily results to which those passions and caprices lead. The mere narration of events will do you no good, unless you are blessed with some intelligent correspondent who will tell you what to

think of them. I have been very much shocked sometimes, at the comments a friend in the provinces has sent me, in answer to some of my communications. The misguided creature reasons fearlessly upon his own judgment, and puts out an opinion in direct contradiction to that which, after some wavering, has been fixed upon as the proper one to be universally adopted. I burn his letter, and try to forget I ever received it."

"I will not risk shocking any body by my opinions," said Ellen, laughing; "from the moment I pass through the lodge-gates, and catch the first glimpse of Mordaunt Castle, I mean to forget that London is in existence."

Her laugh seemed to make Lord Raymond grave. "I do not understand you," he said, thoughtfully; "I try to understand you in vain. Do you, indeed, wish to forget London, and *all* those you leave behind?"

"No, not all," said Ellen, in a low tone; and she blushed the deepest crimson.

"I am distressing you," said Lord Raymond;

“ I, who would sacrifice all I possess on earth to ensure your happiness—to obtain the power of contributing to it—forgive me!—oh! forgive me!”

Ellen did not look as if her anger were very terrible, and he rapidly proceeded,—“ Lady Ellen, you who must long have seen the passionate feeling which now presses me on to speak, will bear with me. Gentle and kind you have ever been, though invariably cold to me. Still, there were moments when I dared to hope that time, and the deep devotion of such love as mine, might soften you towards me. Do not turn from me. I know that that hope was vain.”

He paused as if he expected her to speak; but there was no other sound than of those short quick breathings by which women so often betray their inward agitation. “ Again,” he continued, “ I must entreat your forgiveness; for I have that to say, which I fear will make you think that one whom you have tacitly refused as a lover, is too presuming as a friend; for a friend you must still allow me to be: no

word, no look, shall betray that I ever aspired to be more. Friends, we shall always be," he repeated anxiously; and this time Ellen found voice to answer, "Always."

"Heaven bless you for that word!" he said; "now I will venture to go on. I did not quite despair, so long as I could believe that all were alike indifferent to you—I did not, till I found, or fancied, that another was allowed to hope for that happiness denied to me; another who, even a rival must own, is so rich in virtues and in talents, that few can hope to equal him. Yes! though to him, I owe hours and days of misery, I can feel nothing but admiration and respect for one so gifted as Frederick Percival. Lady Ellen, tell me if conviction of my own unworthiness has led me into over-rating his influence—tell me if there is yet the shadow of a hope for me, or if it is indeed too late?"

"It is too late," said Ellen. "Oh! that we could both have been spared the pain of this moment. But we shall be friends—always friends." She dwelt upon those words of his,

as if they could reconcile him to what must follow :—" Lord Raymond, it has long been my wish that you should know the truth. Even before I knew you, I was no longer free."

It is strange, but a painful conviction, which has long been familiar to us, seems fraught with added bitterness, when we find it clothed in words. Some moments elapsed before Lord Raymond spoke again, and when he did, his voice was hoarse with emotion.

" I thank you for this confidence," he said ;
" I thank and bless you for those tears : Ellen, dearest and best beloved, farewell !"

The hand she held out to him, he had pressed to his heart and to his lips ; once more he had bid Heaven bless her, and the door was closed upon him. Ellen gave one glance to assure herself that she was alone ; then burying her face in the cushion of the sofa, she gave way to the emotion she had so long restrained, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Her tears flowed long and bitterly—such as we shed in youth, and think

their agony cannot be surpassed—such as we look back upon in age, and find

“ ’Tis far worse murmuring o’er those tears—
Would we could shed them now ! ”

CHAPTER III.

He sits 'mongst men like a descended God.
I am sprighted with a fool.

SHAKSPEARE.

Those that pine
In love's despair and hope's decline,
Can love the most, when some sweet spell
Breaks the seal on affections well,
And bids its waters flow, like light
Returning to the darkened sight.

L. E. L.

It began to be very apparent that the Lindsay, having now passed ten days of uninterrupted happiness, would not only be resigned but grateful, if any little event should happen to occur that would break the uniformity of their lives.

Letters came, pressing letters, both to Ellen and Lady Elizabeth. Lady Lindsay begged

and entreated they would come. She was the happiest creature on earth ; but to have them as witnesses of her bliss would make her happier still. Dear Raymond had made his house so nice—it was a perfect paradise. Could they not all come and stay there for two or three days?

Lord Lindsay added a sober postscript. He was afraid that his father would not be persuaded to move, and Ellen would not like to leave him for so long ; but Norland was only eighteen miles from London—a mere two hours' drive. Could not she and Elizabeth spend the day with them, and return in the cool of the evening? He and Mary would be very glad to see them.

This was a great deal for Lord Lindsay to volunteer. When ungracious people say a gracious word, nobody thinks of resisting them ; so Elizabeth and Ellen wrote immediately, and settled a day for the expedition—the very day after Ellen's explanation with Lord Raymond. She had her misgivings that he would be

there ; but it was too late to retreat, and now that he knew positively of her engagement, the part she had to play was less difficult than it had been. Still she hoped he would hear from his sister that she was expected. It would be too hard if he left London to avoid meeting her, and that she should pursue him to his retreat.

Her head was full of such thoughts, when her carriage drew up at the Dalrymples' house in Brook Street. She felt the necessity of rallying, that she might be prepared for two hours' guarded conversation with Elizabeth. In the present state of her mind, it was the most wholesome occupation in which she could be engaged. It was very probable that, before they could reach the tenth mile-stone, she would be piqued into proving that she had not a trouble in the world ; and what we take the trouble to prove, it is but conscientious to believe.

Elizabeth was not quite ready, and Charles Dalrymple came down to his sister-in-law, with

the benevolent intention of beguiling by his conversation the tediousness of waiting. He wondered that Ellen did not seem more fidgety ; it must be very tiresome to wait. If Lady Elizabeth had begun to prepare herself in time, she would have been ready. Was Lord Mordaunt up when she came away ? At what time did she suppose the Lindsays were likely to dine ? She was perhaps not aware that his mother's day for leaving London was settled. It was really very tiresome that Lady Elizabeth did not make her appearance—Jackson had better go and tell his lady that Lady Ellen was tired of waiting.

But Jackson did not seem inclined to move—and Ellen was not tired, and thought it did not signify whether they set off three minutes sooner or later. She failed in calming his mind ; he could not bear to see any body throw away such a tempting opportunity for a fidget, so he adopted it for his own. The horses seemed quite ready to set off—one of them appeared to him remarkably restless. Did not

the postillion think that there was something wrong about its harness? He received a very gruff "All as usual, sir," in answer to this; so he did not think it advisable to pursue the enquiry.

His ideas now took a direction, which made Ellen as anxious for Elizabeth's appearance as even he could be. He never remembered a finer morning, and really the britchka with the four horses looked quite gay. It was very odd that he had never thought of going with them. Did she think it possible that he was expected too all this time?

No, Ellen was quite sure that he was not—she had particularly mentioned that Elizabeth only would be with her. At this critical moment Elizabeth made her appearance.

"I was just saying, my love," said her husband, "that I almost wish I had settled to go with you. I am afraid that Lindsay will think me wanting in attention. It was certainly odd that this did not strike us."

Elizabeth did not think it the least odd.

She had carefully repressed any rising inclination that he had betrayed for such a proceeding; and the system of coercion, though not discovered by him, was very perfect; but she felt something decided must be done, when he added, with a sheepish look at Ellen—for he had his suspicions that she did not want him—“However, it is not too late to rectify our mistake—I will get my hat and join you.”

This was not to be thought of. Nobody knew better than Elizabeth, that Lord Lindsay could hardly submit with common civility to the society of her husband; and though he was much too gentleman-like to express it in words, the tone of every sentence extracted from him by Charles’s unwearied efforts, plainly expressed that he was not only “sprighted by a fool,” but “angered worse.”

Twice since Elizabeth’s marriage Lord Lindsay had dined at home, when his brother-in-law was the only guest; but it had been a sad failure. Elizabeth felt that it had—and the more strongly because her husband did not

feel it at all. The “scorn of the lip and of the eye” were lost upon him. She remembered how she felt, and how Edward looked, while Charles was engaged in detailing to Lord Lindsay the particulars of a correspondence that he had been engaged in with a cousin, whose bride had left her card as Mrs. Dalrymple, instead of Mrs. Henry Dalrymple,—thereby assuming that *her* husband was the head of the family. Lord Lindsay was called upon to agree with him, that it was utterly impossible for him to pass this over; such a dreadfully awkward position as he would have been placed in, if he had not been fortunate enough to marry as he did. He was happy to say that the correspondence ended satisfactorily; the lady now left her cards as Mrs. H. Dalrymple; and his mother took precedence at all the balls and dinners in the neighbourhood.

No!—Elizabeth really could not venture to inflict such a trial upon Lord Lindsay, as to take the companion of her life to be his com-

panion for a few hours. When friends in London go to pass the day, as it is emphatically called, with friends in the country, it really is something of a trial to the most congenial spirits. For three or four hours, it is pleasant enough to talk and dawdle under trees, and to rave about the fresh air and the green grass, and to tell and to hear all the gossip of the day. But after seven or eight hours of talking, and dawdling, and enjoying, and narrating, and listening, the pleasure may have turned into a labour, and the assistants may be tired and bored.

“Go with us, Mr. Dalrymple!” his lady said; and there was an ostentatious display of astonishment. “You forget that you have yourself put that out of the question. I thought at the time, that you were rash, to engage yourself so decidedly here as to promise to go with your mother and sisters to see the learned fleas; feeling as you must that it would not be right to disappoint them, now they are so near leaving London. I wondered, at the time,

whether you were aware that this was the day fixed for going down to Norland."

"True, true, my love—I forgot—it would look like inattention to my mother. Ellen, I think that I will look in upon Lord Mordaunt towards dinner-time. He will perhaps be glad of me to enliven his solitude."

"You are very kind, but Frederick Percival is to dine with papa at five—before he goes down to the House."

"I wish it had been six or seven—five is the very hour at which I shall be engaged with my mother and the fleas. It is extremely unfortunate—every thing always happens on the same day"—and Mr. Dalrymple cast a distressed look towards the vacant seat in the carriage. He never did see a vacant seat in any carriage without longing to fill it—and this was such a tempting one, it was almost sinful to waste it.

"You can tell them to set off now, Ellen.—Good bye, Mr. Dalrymple—you had better dine at Boodle's," said his considerate wife.

Ellen tried to think of something civil that she could say about him to Elizabeth as they drove off; but she felt that it would be too much of a mockery; she and Elizabeth understood each other's sentiments too well for that.

Their drive was really very delightful. Lady Elizabeth was in one of her best moods. Her mother and sisters-in-law were in some disgrace with her; they bored her when they were with her, but she did not like to be neglected by them, and they had lately been entirely taken up in finding amusement for themselves. She was delighted to have this opportunity of shewing them that they were nothing to her. She could give up her husband to them, and go comfortably with Ellen to spend the day with her own family.

“I hope that Mary will not be very full of raptures, do not you?” she said, as they entered the park. “All raptures are tiresome, but really when Lindsay is to be the subject of them, it will be very difficult to know how to take them—they will dash off like spray from a

rock. I can fancy her thanking him forty times a day, for having married her ; and him perhaps going the length of telling her she was very welcome. Ah ! what a grand entrance—and what a beautiful view !—I wish that Harriet Rivers were here to see it.”

Lady Lindsay came out on the steps to receive them, and her appearance was quite in keeping with the grand entrance and the beautiful view, as she stood there, smiling and blushing, and looking her very best, in such a morning dress, so elaborately worked, and frilled, and pink-ribboned :—bride—and rich bride too, shone forth in every fold.

The meeting was most creditably affectionate. Lady Lindsay was full of affection for all the world, and more particularly for those inhabitants of it in the remotest degree connected with her husband, the cause of all her new-found happiness. Most brides have this feeling ; but it is apt to wear off.

“ But where is Lindsay ? ” asked Elizabeth.
“ I really thought that we must have arrived

at the wrong house, when I saw a lady standing alone on the steps. My dear Mary, I hope that you have not lost Lindsay?"

"Lost Lindsay!" said Mary, with a look of horror. "Oh, Elizabeth, what shocking words to use. He is only in the library, finishing his letters—I will go and hurry him."

She was scarcely out of hearing, when Elizabeth, whose temper the sight of so much happiness was rapidly turning sour, said to Ellen, "She is an excellent little creature, I have no doubt, but I suspect that in the long run, we shall find her dreadfully dull, terribly in love, and evidently without the power of understanding a joke. How like Lindsay too, it is, to go on writing his letters, instead of coming to receive us. I dare say, he has some idea that our people can take them to the post, and save one of *his* horses from leaving the stables. Yet he must be far gone in the mania of small savings, to which the richest people are most subject, if he can grudge *himself* anything."

Lady Lindsay again made her appearance,

and still alone. Lord Lindsay looked so very busy, she had not liked to hurry him, and Johnson said that he had mentioned that they were arrived. "How courageous of Johnson!"

"Why did not you get him to make over a little of his courage to you?" said Lady Elizabeth; "for as you have just found, it requires some, to venture to ask Lindsay to give up his pursuit, to follow another person's

Lady Lindsay looked puzzled. "I did not like to disturb him,—that was all."

"Oh! do not take the trouble to explain—we quite understand;" and Lady Elizabeth gave one of her ambiguous smiles.

An ambiguous smile is a very powerful weapon, and it made Mary feel a little uncomfortable, though she did not quite make out what Elizabeth was at; so she looked round for Ellen; but Ellen was not to be seen. The window, which opened upon the lawn, looked so very inviting, she had not been able to resist taking advantage of it, to step out,

and look about her. It was natural that she should wish to see Lord Raymond's place—that place which might have been hers. It seemed to her all perfection: house, terrace, lawn, flowers; the park with its noble trees; the distant hills thickly covered with woods; and the sun pouring its brilliant flood of light to gild it all. It did seem to her that the mistress of such a house must be happy. And who would she be? who would walk upon that lawn, feeling that all she looked upon was hers—hers because it was Lord Raymond's? Not Harriet Rivers: no, Elizabeth might do her best to draw them together, but she would never succeed in that. Lord Raymond was too single minded himself to admire such an artificial character as hers. Ellen could not bring herself to wish that he should marry her. Perhaps she would have been a little puzzled to say whom she could bring herself to wish him to marry.

If Lord Lindsay had been much longer writing and sealing his letters, her thoughts and her walk would have carried her far; but

he now appeared on the terrace, with Lady Lindsay and Elizabeth, and she hastened to meet him. For a man who was cold both by nature and from system, he really greeted her almost warmly, and asked several questions about the general proceedings of the world in London,—which, coming from him, seemed rather frivolous.

Ellen could not help smiling, when Lady Elizabeth whispered to her, that it was quite evident Lindsay had extracted from Mary the very last of her present stock of ideas, and had shut himself up in the library till they should arrive, to give them something fresh to talk about. But Ellen did not agree with her. Lord and Lady Lindsay seemed to be taking up the parts they had to act in life, very much to their mutual entertainment. She leaned upon his arm, and listened to his words as if they were those of an oracle; and twice when he asked her whether she was tired, she of course answered No, and looked overwhelmed with gratitude, that he should be thinking about her.

He talked over their travelling plans, and gave Lady Lindsay her full share of merit, for the assistance she had given towards forming them—"Lady Lindsay and I have agreed to do this"—"Lady Lindsay and I shall prefer to do that." Lady Lindsay's travelling tastes and preferences seemed to be most decided. Nobody would have guessed that Lord Lindsay, entirely for his own convenience, had drawn out a written plan of their future proceedings, which he had laid before Lady Lindsay, with this information: "That will be your route;" and she did not doubt for a moment that it was the very best they could possibly pursue.

"And think," she said to Ellen, "what a delight it will be when we reach Paris on our way home, to find mamma there; she has promised to come and pay us a good long visit."

Lord Lindsay looked a shade graver than usual at this—in fact it was scarcely possible for mortal man to look graver, as he said, "Your mother will I hope continue to be at Paris, during part of the time that we are

there ; but I suspect, Mary, that she will not think that you are considering her comfort, when you talk of her paying us a visit. Our hours and ways would be totally unsuited to her. She will very wisely prefer an apartment at Meurice's ; unless she should think it necessary to accept the very pressing invitation she has received from her old friend, Madame d'Enville."

Lady Lindsay was immediately struck by her own want of consideration, and only privately wished that she had not expatiated so very copiously, in her last letter, upon the delight she should feel at having her dearest mother as an inmate of their house.

Lord Lindsay suspected that she had said more than enough on the subject, and thought it best to cut the matter short at once. He had most conscientiously admitted his wife within the pale of his selfishness, and to a due participation of all the privileges he allowed himself ; but it was a little too much to expect, that he should do the same for his wife's mother.

Lady Elizabeth, who did not find that she was stronger leaning upon Lindsay's arm than when she was leaning upon any other person's arm, now declared that she was tired, and they returned towards the house. Lady Lindsay then said something about wondering whether Lord Raymond would arrive early or late,—something in short which made it clearly appear that he was expected. It did seem a little hard that he might not come to his own house when he pleased ; but Ellen most sincerely wished that he had pleased to do anything else.

On reaching the house, Elizabeth went in to rest herself. Lady Lindsay and Ellen seated themselves on the lawn ; and the repose of the whole scene seemed to bring repose to Ellen's mind. She felt as if she could have sate there for ever, listening to all the rural sounds of summer, and gazing on the lovely scene before her. Lady Lindsay too was exactly the sort of companion she would have chosen ; there was repose in all she looked, and all she said ; she

was content to sit silent and think of Lindsay, when Ellen was inclined to sit silent and think of—she knew not what.

Lord Lindsay had no idea of sauntering about at any time, and certainly not in another man's place, where, if he should happen to wish it, he could not even mark a tree to be cut down, to let in a point of view which it had been carefully planted a hundred years before to shut out; so, he once more retired to the library.

Lindsay was the sort of man who every day covered large sheets of paper with close business-like writing; what it was all about never quite appeared;—county—yeomanry—magistracy details perhaps: for among all his other prides, he prided himself upon being an excellent country gentleman. But somehow or other he was not a popular one. The natural turn of his mind was to oppose every body about every thing. Like many other people, he had an idea that, by doing so, he should best shew his own judgment, and forward his own interests. This feeling he carried so far,

that whatever party might happen to be at the head of affairs, he always contrived to be in opposition.

During the first week succeeding his marriage, he settled himself and his papers at one end of the drawing room, while Lady Lindsay carried on her little feminine occupations at the other. She could pursue them quietly for hours ; it was enough to feel that he was there. And he quietly pursued his ; trying, and with some success, to forget that he was not alone.

At the end of a week he decidedly began to feel a little bored, whenever he lifted his eyes from his writing, to find other eyes fixed upon them, even though they were those of his gentle bride. As the companion of his leisure hours, she would be invaluable to him ; but business was a serious, solitary thing ; so the papers were transferred from the table in the drawing room, to the table in the library, and Lady Lindsay had her first lesson in the art of being alone.

She did not much like it. She now

still less liked the sight of her husband riding through the park without her. Yet he had given her due notice that he was going out in the hopes of meeting Lord Raymond, and that it was impossible for her to leave his sisters. This was Lady Lindsay's first lesson in the art of entertaining her company.

She and Ellen were now more congenial companions than ever. The thoughts of each were on the London road, and sooner than they expected, a carriage was to be seen approaching, and Lord Lindsay's groom leading home his beautiful horse. It was some comfort to Ellen to be sure that Lord Raymond would be prepared to find her there. It was a trying moment when he and Lord Raymond appeared at the other end of the lawn. She began to think that it was little less than madness on her part, to have come; he must think it so strange after what had passed, to find her established there.

Before Lord Raymond had traversed the space between them, she felt as guilty as if

she had come on purpose to visit him ; but after the first moment it was all easier than she expected. The Lindsays had much to say about the house, and the place ; and they had thanks to offer, and he had to disclaim having done anything to deserve them. And then his sister took his arm, and they walked about together, that she might once more repeat how very perfect Lord Lindsay was ; and that there never was such happiness as hers.

It would be very foolish of brides to allow themselves to be laughed out of this expression, merely because envious people say that there are very few brides who do not say the same thing. The very same people, if they did not use this form of words, so peculiarly devoted to them, would be the first to discover that they were perfectly miserable.

Scarcely a word had passed between Ellen and Lord Raymond before they sate down to dinner. Indeed after the first excitement of his arrival was over, he seemed scarcely to try to combat the melancholy which oppressed

him. If Lady Lindsay had been at leisure to think of any body but her husband, she must have been struck by it; as it was, she looked up, quite surprised, when Lady Elizabeth, who began to be provoked that he did not make himself more agreeable, said abruptly, "Are you well, Lord Raymond,—or has the pleasing surprise of finding Ellen and me here been too much for you? This comes of lending your house to a friend. You never can tell what company you may chance to find there."

"In three days he will be undisputed master of it himself," said Lord Lindsay. "We shall move to London rather earlier than we intended, that we may see my father before he goes."

"I am very sorry. I had hoped that you and Mary would have remained a little longer, to do the honors to me. You will make me think that my threat of staying here for a week, has driven you away."

"A week!" Lady Elizabeth exclaimed. "Are you really going to leave London for a

whole week, at this season, when nobody but papa and Ellen think of moving? Something very dreadful must be the matter—and you say nothing about wishing that Ellen and I would remain your guests.”

“And you certainly do look pale and fagged,” Lady Lindsay added.

Poor Lord Raymond! At that moment he only looked very much annoyed. He wished that Lady Elizabeth would hold her tongue; he wished that Mary would not observe his looks; and after making a wretched attempt at a laughing answer to Lady Elizabeth’s attack, he wished, above all things, that Frederick Percival never had been born. Ellen looked so seriously distressed for him, that if her affections had not been engaged even before he beheld her, though he was no coxcomb, he could not help thinking that there might have been hope for him.

It was fortunate that Lord Lindsay suddenly recollected that he had a brother in the world, and made a grave inquiry of Ellen, as to what

she knew about Edward; at the same time observing, in the aggrieved tone of one whose fraternal affection had met with an ill return—“His communications to me are not very frequent.”

Lord Raymond took advantage of this opening. “I was waiting for an opportunity to tell you, Lady Ellen, that I met yesterday a brother officer of Edward’s, and he told me that they are all puzzled what to make of him, he is such an altered man. He talks against idle expenses—has sold all his horses—and has set up economy, as one of the cardinal virtues.”

“The hunting season will not commence for some months, I believe,” Elizabeth said;—and Lord Lindsay gave one of his frosty smiles. Ellen listened to one, and looked at the other, and wondered. She was happily ignorant that praise of one of whom we have prophesied evil, can inflict a pang, instead of bringing a pleasurable feeling. Still less could she understand the motives which induced Elizabeth, at all opportunities, to say the very thing most likely

to lower Edward in the estimation of his brother, upon whom he was almost dependant;—for she was well aware that Lord Lindsay's influence over his father was unbounded.

It is happy that there are some spirits in the world to whom the dear delight of giving pain is perfectly unknown. But Ellen would not be discouraged. This was a subject upon which she could talk with Lord Raymond, without fear of being misunderstood, or rather, of being understood too well; and he was too happy to have brought the flush of pleasure to her cheek. Between them, Edward was in a fair way of being represented as a saint.

They had dined early, that there might be time for a walk, before Elizabeth and Ellen set off on their drive home. There was a hay-field in the distance, which Lady Lindsay was anxious to reach; and to Ellen, who for want of anything better, had ejaculated with affection and admiration over the small dusty hay-cocks in front of Kensington Palace,—the prospect was most alluring. She could not foresee that

Lady Elizabeth would prefer sitting on the lawn, and that Lady Lindsay, as a matter of course, would take her husband's arm ; and that then, as still more a matter-of-course, Lord Raymond should offer her his, and that she should accept it.

It was a real summer's evening ;—the sort of still evening which succeeds a sultry day, when “all is hushed and calm, and angry passions sleep.” But unfortunately Lord Raymond and Ellen had no angry passions, and that passion which one had ventured to avow, and the other had exerted every power to conceal, found “food to grow upon” at such a time, and in such a scene as this. The heavens were one pile of gorgeous clouds, tinged with the red glories of the setting sun. The earth, with its mellowed lights and shadows, was each moment changing, yet the same. “How beautiful !” was Ellen's natural exclamation, as for a moment they paused to look at the fair scene before them.

“ Beautiful !” was echoed by her companion ;

but there was more expression in the tone of the gentleman than of the lady. She was simply looking at the view, and admiring it for itself;—he was looking at it, as the scene in which they were for the last time standing together, before the hand, which now rested on his arm, should be irrevocably pledged to another : so in *his* tone, there was tenderness, and melancholy, and two or three other things, which a man who loves, and does not care to conceal it, can throw into a single word in itself expressing nothing.

It was not Frederick Percival's fault that he was at that very moment rising to speak for three hours, upon army estimates;—it was not his fault if this was such an evening as the English climate seldom produces, and that Lady Ellen Glanville, and Lord Raymond were standing on a hill enjoying it together. But it *was* unfortunate, to say the least of it, that the accepted lover was shut up in the House of Commons, while the refused lover could gaze at beautiful sun-sets, with her—the idol of his

heart, and the betrothed of another. It was in fact exactly the sort of thing that ought to have been avoided. Ellen felt that it was,—and she pointed out Lady Lindsay, who had made herself a seat of some hay at the bottom of the slope, while Lord Lindsay was extracting useful knowledge from the Norland bailiff,—and suggested the expediency of joining her.

“They must return this way,—rest here,” Lord Raymond said, leading her to a rude seat within a few paces of the spot where they were standing. “Do not refuse me these last few minutes. We shall not meet again for many months, and I can yet dream of happiness, standing by your side. Oh, if you knew what, since yesterday, has been the wretchedness of my heart!”

The quivering lip, and the tears which started to his eyes, did indeed tell of deeper unhappiness than he had voice to dwell on. And Ellen had no comfort to give. She felt that it was better that they should not meet for months;—she felt that it would be better still, if they were

never to meet again. So she did the only perfectly safe thing that any body can do in this world,—she remained silent; and silently he leant against the tree which overshadowed them. Lady Lindsay looked towards them, and hoped, and almost believed, that there were two others in existence, as happy as Lord Lindsay and herself. It was a pity that she was mistaken; as many others are in the world, who cannot look into their fellow-creatures' hearts, yet blame them for actions to which they themselves have given motives that never have, never could have been theirs.

It was not long before Lord Lindsay joined them, and they were all proceeding together towards the house. But the remembrance of that evening—of those last few painful moments—never quitted Ellen to the latest hour of her existence.

A little more talk of the Lindsays' future arrangements—a few affectionate speeches of Lady Lindsay's to Ellen—some fruitless attempts of Lord Raymond's to appear interested

in what was passing—and they arrived at the house, and found the carriage waiting.

It would have been some comfort to Lord Raymond could he have known how often, during their drive home, his parting look, as they drove from the door, haunted Ellen.

“If Lord Raymond is not in love with Harriet Rivers,” said Elizabeth, “I suspect that poor Lindsay will discover that he has married into a sadly dull family. You may remember that the very first day that I ever saw Lord Raymond, when he took you down to dinner in Grosvenor Square, I prophesied that he would turn out a complete failure, as far as agreeableness went.”

CHAPTER IV.

My friend Jane, will meet me at the ball,
And see me taken out the first of all ;
I see her looks when she beholds the men
All crowd about me—she will simper then,
And cry, with her affected air and voice,
Oh ! my sweet Clara, how do I rejoice
At your good fortune ! Thank you, dear, say I ;
But some there are that could for envy die.
Mamma looked on with thoughts to these allied,
She felt the pleasure of reflected pride.

CRABBE.

THERE was one individual at least, who was made happy in consequence of what passed during the evening at Norland. Lord Lindsay, when talking of the necessary preparations for his tour, recollected John Harrison, as exactly the useful person who would go and make all sorts of inquiries about all sorts of steam-boats. Lord Lindsay had a fancy for embarking at the Tower: it would save time and save money.

To be sure he happened to have a superabundance of both;—and if Lady Lindsay could find in her heart to hate any thing, she hated a steam-boat. But *he* was never sea-sick; and when they did not materially affect his own comfort, he was in the habit of acting upon general principles;—and the general principle of saving time and money was good.

It was a proud moment for John Harrison when he came down to breakfast, and found a letter franked by Lord Lindsay on the table. He read the eight or ten lines it contained, slowly, and with an air of interest that spoke volumes.

“ Well, John ?” said his mother, interrogatively.

“ Well, what is he writing about, John ?” asked Julia ; and Kate raised her eyes, as much as to say that she was listening for his answer. They were now very pensive looking eyes, such as people have whose affections are being trifled with. Mr. Butler had this to answer for.

“ Well ! ” answered John mysteriously, as he deposited the letter in his pocket ; “ it is only a letter from Lindsay, about some business he wishes me to manage for him. Poor Lindsay ! I thought how it would be ; I thought that he would soon begin to beat up for friends again.”

“ He asks you down to Norland then, does he ? ” said Julia.

“ No, he says nothing about that ; he knows enough of my ways to be aware that it would not be very easy to get me to leave London just now.”

“ Then, what is the letter about ? ” persisted Julia.

“ Hush, my dear girl,” whispered her mother ; “ Do not ask your brother any more about it. When one young man writes to another, all sorts of odd things may be said, that you had better not hear.”

If Lord Lindsay could have heard himself and John Harrison mentioned abstractedly, as two young men writing to one another, what

would have been his feelings?"—John's conduct, at this trying moment, was beyond all praise. He carefully avoided betraying that he had heard either question or reproof, but drew the letter from his pocket, again studied it, with an air of the deepest interest, and then, with a Lord Burleigh shake of the head, quitted the room, to make inquiries about all the Darts and Harlequins, and Fireflies that boiled across the water.

"Now, I would give the world to know what is in that letter," said Julia. "I am convinced, if I could tell what it is about, I could give John advice that would be of use. He shows, by his face, that there is something the matter."

"We know that Lord Lindsay has not been disappointed in love," said Kate, who could think of no other possible misfortune; and she walked out of the room to seek for solitude.

"It is a sad thing that Mr. Butler dawdles on so without proposing; Kate frets about him,

that I see plainly enough," observed the anxious mother. "Could you make out, Julia, whether he said any thing particular to her yesterday evening?"

"No, mamma, nothing very particular, except all the old story, of his being sure that if his family were to know her, she was exactly the sort of person they would doat upon. If I had been there I never should have resisted saying, then why do not you give them the opportunity? I have advised Kate, the next time they meet, to try what a little coldness and dignity of manner, will do. There is nothing like a little dignity."

She was interrupted by the re-entrance of Kate, looking flushed and agitated, with some pink and blue cards in her hand.

"Mamma, they have just brought me these. They are for a private view of that exhibition of pictures we were talking of the other day; they came in this cover, directed to me; and there is written in it, with Mr. Francis Butler's compliments, and he hopes that Mrs. and the Miss

Harrisons, will do him the honour to make use of them."

"That gives you an excellent opportunity," said Julia, "to be dignified. You can send them back, and say that you do not want them."

"But I do want them very much indeed—I am dying to see the pictures—and he will be there probably—and I can be dignified when we meet; and you know that the Beaumonts said that it would be an excellent morning assembly, for that every body meant to go to this private exhibition—and they wished they were going too—so we can send them the three tickets we do not want—it would be quite ill-natured not. If it were only for their sakes, I should not like to refuse them."

"To be sure," Julia answered, "it would be as well to send them the tickets, and at the same time to let them know that Mr. Butler sent them to us."

So with minds equally bent upon serving the Beaumonts, Julia and Kate agreed to ac-

cept the tickets:—Kate all agitation to know whether *he* would be there—Julia, just conscious of a passing thought, as to whether the Sprys were likely to be fond of pictures.

Nothing that offered a chance of amusement ever came amiss to the Beaumonts. The family coach was at the door by four, and Mrs. Beaumont, in her rustling gown, ready to be packed into it, and carried off by her daughters, wherever her chaperonage could be turned to the best advantage.

These tickets were a lucky hand indeed. Maria for one, had no doubt about going. Every body said that she had a decided turn for drawing;—so she was passionately fond of every thing relating to the fine arts. She was only sorry that Kate Harrison was making herself so absurd about Mr. Butler, that she could not write a common note without thrusting his name into it.—Eliza would have been very glad to let Anne take her place; but it would not be behaving handsomely by the Harrisons, who had always taken such pains to show that she

was their favourite. They would be disappointed if she did not meet them there. Anne had better stay at home and keep herself fresh for Mrs. Trant's dance in the evening.

“Well! if ever I saw such a quantity of people!” Mrs. Beaumont said, as she elbowed her way into the exhibition-room. “I never like coming to this sort of place without having your father or Richard, to get us through the crowd. You make bad work of it, Eliza—you keep staring about so. There is old twaddling Mr. Ogilvie and his red-faced daughter; but I see nothing of the Harrisons. I hope Mrs. Harrison has found herself a seat. It would not do for her to stand about in all this crowd; for she is far from being so young as she was some years ago—poor woman!”

“Mamma, will you give me the catalogue? I am going to look at the pictures,” said Maria. “I will begin at No. 1. and go regularly on. It is quite a treat to any body who draws, to see real good pictures. Look at No. 6, Eliza—there are marks of real genius in that.”

“What! the cattle standing in the water? Yes, there are marks of real genius in that. Is it by Rubens?”

“Rubens! Nonsense! These are all modern pictures—and Rubens never drew cattle.”

“Then somebody else must have painted it. Mamma, I see something excessively interesting—Lady Ellen Glanville and Lady Hamilton. I know her by sight, because I am almost sure that I saw her at the play, asking Captain Glanville who I was. And there is Mr. Percival with them. I think that the Harrisons must be convinced, now, that that will be a marriage. There they are coming in—and I do declare that Kate Harrison is leaning on Mr. Butler’s arm!—Maria, you may go on looking at the pictures without waiting for me:—you know I do not draw, and do not care about them;—and the Harrisons seem to expect me to go and speak to them. There is an empty bench that mamma can sit down upon.”

And Eliza set off in the direction of the

Harrisons, but she did not take the shortest way. She had to extort a word from Lady Ellen, to give Lady Hamilton an opportunity of looking at her, and then she caught a glimpse of the Howards and Harriet Rivers, and went up to them, just to see who was the gentleman that was talking to them, and what picture they were admiring. It was trouble thrown away—she did not know the gentleman by sight, though she was sure that he looked as if he had seen her somewhere—and the beauty of the picture was more than she could feel. It was very beautiful. A single female figure, clothed in the quaint simple dress peculiar to Newton's style of painting, with such a face and form of beauty as realised a poet's fairest dream. The beaming eyes were fixed upon the door, and the white hands clasped upon the heart, as if to still its beatings. The dark luxuriant hair—the snowy forehead—the full red lips a little parted—the small sandalled foot advanced in the act of springing forward:—it almost seemed to breathe. None could look at

it and doubt that the advancing footstep of one beloved was sounding on the ear.

“Here is a very pretty picture, Lady Ellen,” Eliza Beaumont called out to her, as she was passing with Lady Hamilton. Ellen, thus brought into notice, had no choice but to stop, and answer Mrs. Howard’s affectionate greetings as warmly as she could.

The gentleman whose name Eliza was anxious to know, had met with a moustached acquaintance, and their conversation as they looked at the picture was carried on so audibly, the by-standers had no choice but to benefit by it.

“There, Greville,—there is something for you to look at. You, who go about raving of the beauty of every daub stuck up in a broker’s shop, may throw yourself into a legitimate ecstasy about such a creation as that!”

“Beautiful, by Heavens! and evidently a portrait. Where is the catalogue. Look her out, as fast as you can. Buy the picture, or marry the original I must. Can it be the

little René, who came out in that ballet as Venus, or Columbine, or something—turned Douglas's great head, and never appeared again? Look her out, my dear fellow, as fast as you can."

"Hands off—be quiet or I shall never find it—there it is. Clara—a portrait."

"Clara! and who the deuce can Clara be? and where have I been hearing so much of a Clara lately? I have it—Edward Glanville—He is in love with a Clara somebody. I wish for his sake that it was with Clara—a portrait."

"And so Ned is in love—and has taken you for his confidant? A judicious choice he seems to have made."

"He did not take me as a confidant; he did better;—he sent to the lady a communication about the sale of a horse,—and to me, whom he addressed as his beloved Clara, the intelligence that in two days he would be with me. People who have beloved Claras, should be careful how they direct their letters. He was off to London

that very day, and a pretty life we led him when he came back again."

The light-hearted speakers walked away, and Ellen for one moment looked steadily at Mrs. Howard,—she whom Frederick Percival had talked of as the virtuous, the high principled Clara Seton. The look was returned by Mrs. Howard, but there was no steadiness; there was something deprecating in its expression, and her colour changed rapidly, and twice she seemed to make an effort to speak, but the words died away. Miss Rivers was standing near, and she too must have heard what passed; but her countenance betrayed no signs of emotion, till Ellen coldly took leave, saying she must rejoin Lady Hamilton, who was waiting for her with Mr. Percival; and then there was something almost scornful in Harriet's smile, as she turned from her. What could she mean by that?

Ellen asked herself that question in vain, and pondered over that smile, and could make nothing of it. If Miss Rivers meant her to un-

derstand, that she saw what were her suspicions and scorned them, Ellen had some right to wonder by what code of morality she could make out that Edward Glanville might innocently write to the wife of her uncle as *his* beloved Clara.

The agitation Mrs. Howard had betrayed, shewed at least, that however she might act, she was not lost to all sense of what was right and wrong. But Miss Rivers could preserve her calmness, while the degradation of one so near, and seemingly so dear to her, was discussed ;— she could even smile when she ought to have been ready to sink into the earth with shame. Ellen longed to tell her, that there was no mystery to her, in what had been said ; that she knew who was the Clara Edward had come so far and so privately to see ; and that she was aware that she (Miss Rivers) knew it too. She quite longed to say or do something to shew how thoroughly she despised her. She was all, and worse than all, Ellen had ever thought her ;— cold — artful — unprincipled.

And still so young ! It was really dreadful to think of.

And Edward too,—her soul sickened when she thought of the long life of remorse and misery that he was preparing for himself ; for unless his nature was changed indeed, he would feel remorse—bitter, undying remorse—when he should wake from the infatuation that possessed him, and find himself the wronger of the friend who had admitted him an inmate of his house,—the betrayer of her who, as a wife and mother, had made that home a happy one. No fear of offending should longer restrain her from writing to conjure him, if it were yet time, to have mercy upon himself, and upon her whose peace of mind he had already wrecked. He never had refused to listen to her ; he would not now ;—and her feelings softened as she thought of him,—her own kind, affectionate Edward.

“ Why, you poor creature, you seem quite tired,” Lady Hamilton said, when Ellen rejoined her. “ You look as if the animate and

inanimate sights about us have been too much for you. Mr. Percival will sit down with you here, while I just look through the other rooms ; or we shall be told that we have missed the only things worth seeing. You know my strength is never exhausted."

Lady Hamilton did herself no more than justice. There is nothing so miraculous as the strength and activity of a fine Lady, determined to be first in doing and seeing everything. Her hours seem to multiply with the calls upon her time. She can manage to be political, domestic, and religious too ; at least she has enough of all these qualities to satisfy her friends, her husband, and herself. Her child is born into the world, and for a week she is missed from her accustomed haunts. There she is to be found lying on the sofa, a little pale, a little languid,—a pink quilt thrown over her,—pink ribbons in her cap,—her husband's hand clasped in hers,—and her whole attention given to the conversation of the political leaders who have been flattered or worshipped into making

her house the rendezvous at which to talk away their leisure moments. A few days more, and crowds are bidden to her parties, and her powers of ubiquity are in full force. She is to be found at the chapel, the ball, the opera, the ventilator; and she is still the ready sympathising confidant to half a hundred intimate friends; the warm active partisan;—and she can hate with all a woman's hatred, and love with all a woman's tenderness, and talk with all a woman's frenzy. Her children grow and must be educated, and she has tutors and governesses, and rules and superintends them all; and tears come into the eyes of the wife of the clergyman of the parish, whom she visits twice a-year, that she may make sweeping arrangements for the benefit of the poor. And what is very provoking to all the good, regular, hard-working wives and mothers in existence, who go on year after year, confining, nursing, and educating, according to rule,—her children grow up all that the fondest parent could wish, and her husband believes, because he is

told to believe it, that he has the most domestic wife in England.

“Considerate woman !” said Frederick Percival. “I forgive her all the walking and talking she has inflicted upon me for the last half hour ; and that is more than I could have done five minutes ago.”

“You do not mean to say that Lady Hamilton’s society bores you ? You must be difficult indeed. She is handsome, clever, and thinks it worth her while to talk her very best to you. What astonishment she would feel, if she could hear any one individual in London avow such a feeling.”

“She would feel no astonishment ; she would simply not believe it to be real. She would impute the expression of it to envy, party feeling, anything but simple sincerity. Her beauty I grant, but her cleverness I utterly deny ; it is mere reflected cleverness. Clever people are constantly talking in her hearing, and she adopts and repeats as much as she can retain and understand. I never heard Lady

Hamilton say a clever original thing in my life."

"Yet you must grant that she has influence in society. People are invited to meet her, and go because they are to meet her; and they quote her authority, and feel proud because they can do so."

"I do own that she has, what is called influence in society; though what that is, it is difficult to define. She has it, and she deserves it, for she works hard for it, and she tells the world she ought to have it; and what the world is constantly told it generally believes. Within the last ten minutes she has said so much to me of superiority in every department of life in which a woman can, and cannot shine,—it is by a strong effort of reason that I have kept my own judgment. If you too, Ellen, tell me she is all she proclaims herself to be, I shall certainly give way."

"She is a shining character; I still think her that: and many wish to be considered such and fail. In this artificial world originality is

not wanted. So as she amuses, nobody will ask whether her powers of amusing are derived from others. There is positive merit in having those about her who give her the earliest possible intelligence of the reigning interests of the day; and there is merit in her choice of the individuals to whom she thinks it worth while to retail it. There is merit too in persuading her husband that he is happy in adopting the way of life that suits her, since she could not prevail upon herself to adopt that which would suit him."

"You do not wish to be a shining character, Ellen, I hope," Frederick said, smiling.

"Oh, no! believe me," Ellen answered earnestly, "I have no wish, I can have none, but to make the happiness of him I —— but to make your happiness. Frederick, you may believe me,—it is for your praise, your approbation only, I shall strive. If I should fail in gaining them——"

"If!" said Frederick interrupting her. "My own Ellen, you could not think that I was

serious. And what cold words you have chosen. My warmest love—my fondest admiration must be always yours. Our feelings for each other have grown with our growth: they can know no change. But it is hard to part from you again for months ;—it will be hard to pass in solitude the leisure hours which have been shared with you: for in solitude they will be passed. I cannot seek the society of strangers. Ellen, devoted as you are to your father, you will not wish for me, as I shall for you.”

“ A few months, Frederick, and we shall meet to part no more,” Ellen said timidly ; for she had feelings of inward consciousness, which made Frederick’s last words sound to her almost harshly. We do sometimes contrive, by a kind of mental chemistry, totally to change the nature of words lightly addressed to us by others.

“ Look at them now,” Eliza Beaumont whispered to Julia Harrison ; “ will you pretend to say that will not be a marriage now ? I do believe that he is proposing at this moment.”

“ No, really ! what makes you think so ? How is she looking ? What does he seem to be saying ? I do not like to turn my head that way, for fear of disturbing them.”

“ You need not fear that—they are too much occupied to think of you. He is looking up in her face, and talking in such a very particular kind of way—you never saw any thing the least like it—and she sits listening like a statue—I cannot see her face for the broad blonde fall of her bonnet.”

“ Oh, Eliza ! how vexatious ! You are looking at the wrong people ! Kate has got a yellow bonnet like mine, without any blonde at all. I would give the world to know what has passed between her and Mr. Butler. She promised to take my advice, and be dignified to-day. If she would but act up to what I told her, every thing would be settled.”

“ Well, never mind about Kate and Mr. Butler just now—I want you to look at Lady Ellen and Mr. Percival. No, you are just too late. Lady Hamilton has joined them again—and

she has taken poor Mr. Percival's arm, and is walking off with him. What a thousand pities to disturb them! And there is Lady Ellen following them—they are gone quite away, I declare. Did you see Mr. Percival look back at me and bow? He always seems to wish to make acquaintance with me."

"Mr. Butler is the sort of man I shall never learn to know by sight," said Maria Beaumont, who had joined them two minutes before. "With his hat on, he is exactly like half a hundred others. But I saw just now a little man, yawning in a corner of the room, who is very much my notion of him. There is Kate's yellow bonnet between Mrs. Harrison and mamma. I wonder whether it was she or Mr. Butler that was dignified, and walked away from the other first."

Julia was meditating a suitable reply to this attack, when Eliza eagerly caught her arm.

"Look, Julia, look! I am almost sure that is Mr. Spry, standing with his back to us. Yes, I am quite certain. He wore that snuff-

coloured coat the other day—a very peculiar sort of snuff-coloured coat, with velvet cuffs. We may as well pass in front of him, that we may see what picture he is looking at.”

“Do you not think,” said Julia, hanging back, “that it will look rather too much as if we wished him to speak to us?”

“Oh, no, he never can fancy that; and if he should happen to see us, he will be so glad of the opportunity. It is only natural that we should wish to look at the picture that seems to strike him so much;” and so saying, Eliza fluttered past him.

But the measure was quite a failure. Mr. Spry stood with folded arms and contracted brow, in what he evidently considered a patriotic attitude, absorbed in the contemplation of a harsh wooden portrait of Kean, as Lucius Junius Brutus.

“Well, what an odd thing!” said Eliza. “Never did I see such an odd thing in my life—a man with one stocking off and one stocking on! Just wait one minute, Julia—I really

must just ask Mr. Spry who it is meant for. Mr. Spry ! ah, I thought I should make you start—you did not see that we were so near. We want to know who that is a picture of ?”

“ Of one in whose steps I humbly hope I may tread—one who strove and successfully for liberty—who hated and overthrew tyranny—a patriot—a man—Lucius Junius Brutus. Ardently indeed do I covet his fame, and wish that my name may ever sound like his ;” and Mr. Spry sighed with suppressed emotion.

Julia could not help thinking that Lucius Junius Brutus did sound better than Spry, and that such sentiments became him well ; but Eliza thought that his snuff-coloured coat became him better.

“ Oh ! Mr. Spry,” she said, “ I wonder you should wish to be him—he is such a figure—and you know that you would have been dead and buried these hundred years—and that would have been a sad thing for your friends.”

The pathos of this sentiment had its effect. When Eliza bid him good-bye, because it was

time for her to try and make her way back to the others, Mr. Spry, having given one more concentrated look at the picture, actually offered her his arm.

“But we must not forget you,” she said with a patronising air to Julia Harrison. “You wish to get back to your mother, I think. Put your arm through mine, and we will all go together. I was afraid how it would be,” she found an opportunity to whisper. “I was afraid that if he once saw her, we never should get rid of him—stick close to me, pray.”

“Thank you,” Julia answered proudly, “I can make my own way. I do not find it necessary to ask anybody to give me an arm. Why, Maria, you were quite mistaken; I see Mr. Butler still standing by Kate.”

“Hush, dear, you had better not, in your joy, speak so loud—it would be better policy not to let him know how anxious you all are to catch him—he may take fright yet.”

Maria said this in as gentle a tone as if she were giving the pleasantest advice in the world;

but all advice upon this subject was now superfluous. Kate had a shy, demure, satisfied expression upon her countenance, which could not be mistaken; and at times Mr. Butler stooped, and looked under the yellow bonnet, and said words at which Kate ventured to smile faintly, and raise her eyes to see who was observing them. And Mrs. Harrison addressed her daughter in a subdued voice, and was sure that she was tired, and longing to be at home, and they would go as soon as they could find Julia; and she could not resist taking Kate's hand and pressing it, as a sort of prelude to the hearty embrace she was to bestow as soon as she could get her to herself; and she laughed a hearty happy laugh at some rather common-place facetiousnesses that Mr. Butler addressed to her; and really, as she observed two hours after to her husband, began already to love him as a son.

“ Well, girls, is it time for me to go ?” said Mrs. Beaumont. “ So Kate Harrison's marriage is settled,” she added, as soon as she had

set herself and her rustling gown in motion. "I did not like to say much to her poor mother about it, for it must be a sad thing for her to part from her favourite daughter; and I suspect that Mr. Butler's family is lowish. I dare say she has a hard time before her, till she gets Mr. Harrison to consent to it. I am sure nobody can feel more for her than I do."

"Well, there is nothing like perseverance," said Maria. "He fought a good battle, however, before he gave in."

CHAPTER V.

Oh, power of Love! so fearful, and so fair,—
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Give me th' avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow ;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *candid* friend!

GEORGE CANNING.

It now wanted but two days of the time fixed for Lord Mordaunt's departure, and the Lindsays and Dalrymples, with Frederick Percival and Ellen, were assembled in the drawing-room in Grosvenor Square, after a farewell family dinner.

Lord Lindsay and Lady Elizabeth always appeared to advantage in the society of their father. They really seemed anxious to do all

in their power to shew him attention and respect. It would have been strange if it had been otherwise. None ever looked upon his grey hairs and mild countenance, without feeling there is that in a virtuous old age which imposes more than either power or station. The courteous kind old man! On that evening, as he sate in his arm-chair, supported by crimson cushions, while Ellen took her favourite station on a low ottoman at his feet, he was a perfect picture of an old English gentleman.

Frederick was leaning on the back of Lord Mordaunt's chair,—whether for the convenience of talking to him, or of looking at Ellen, is more than we can determine: the situation was equally advantageous for both. But from the moment he entered the room (which was not very early in the evening), there was observable a change in her manner. There was a restlessness in it, which was quite unusual to her. Two or three times, while engaged in conversation with others, her eyes turned towards Frederick, as if to ascertain whether he were

satisfied with what she was saying ;—and then she would suddenly break off, and address herself to him. It seemed as if she had some fear that he would think himself neglected. And when at last he had found himself a place by her side, and was conversing with her in a low tone, upon a subject evidently deeply interesting to him, and which ought to have been equally so to her by every rule of the game which it was clear he at least was playing, it seemed by the changes of her countenance, that in fact her attention was caught by the conversation which the others were carrying on.

“ What have you done with your brother, Mary ?” Lady Elizabeth asked. “ When I saw him last, he looked as if he had adopted for his own all the cares and troubles that diversify the sameness of this mortal life. Have you left him to croak with the rooks ? or has he condescended to return to the haunts of men and women, to give them another chance of making themselves pleasant to him ?”

“ Do not laugh about him, Elizabeth. I

never in my life saw a creature look so ill as Raymond, and his spirits are quite gone. But he says there is nothing the matter with him. I wish he would see Linn—this is quite a Linn case. I should be wretched about him, only Lindsay says that he is perfectly free from uneasiness.”

If the intensity of Mary’s feelings were always to be regulated by Lord Lindsay’s, her natural complacency was in no great danger of being disturbed. Mr. Dalrymple looked anxious.

“I sent Lord Raymond yesterday an invitation, to his house in Hertford Street, to propose his dining with us on the 21st—this day three weeks. I trust it has been forwarded to him. It would be very perplexing to get no answer. My love, it was rather a strange omission on your part, not to let me know that his return was uncertain.”

Of this conjugal appeal Lady Elizabeth took no notice, but went on making herself pleasant to Lady Lindsay, after her own peculiar fashion.

“ I wonder that you do not persuade him to go abroad with you. Though, to be sure, if he is to go about sighing and groaning, Lindsay would not thank you for having procured such an addition to your party. There is nothing so wearing as low spirits; do you not think so? He must really try and rally, for Lady Raymond’s sake—she will feel so dreadfully lonely when you are gone.”

“ Ah, poor mamma! she will, indeed,” said Lady Lindsay, looking at her husband. She still half ventured to think that it would not be a very unnatural thing, if they were to hold out to her the prospect of passing a fortnight or three weeks at Paris with them; and her look was so beseeching that Lord Lindsay felt himself compelled to speak.

“ I saw your mother this afternoon, Mary, and promised that you would devote yourself to her, to-morrow. I dine at Lord A——’s, — a man’s dinner.”

Mary was, of course, all gratitude at such a proof of his consideration: it was so very kind

of him to let her dine out, when he did not want her to dine at home. It was impossible for her to guess that he who had just presented her with jewels worth three thousand pounds, would be not very sorry to save the price of her dinner at the hotel. The jewels were necessary for the due appearance of Lady Lindsay as his wife; but no possible good could accrue to him from her eating her dinner at his expense, if it were possible for her to have it elsewhere: there would be so many shillings actually thrown away.

All this being settled, Lady Elizabeth resumed her pursuit of Lord Raymond. It has long been known that no one who is claimed by the great world as its own, can ever give it up with impunity. But it did seem a little unreasonable, that a man might not withdraw for a week, without being wondered at and commented upon.

“ You must confess, Mary,” Elizabeth said, “ though he *is* your brother, and ‘ dear Raymond,’ and really such ‘ a faultless monster as

the world ne'er saw' till now,—that he did not appear to advantage the other day. He had a sort of 'Shepherds-I-have-lost-my-love' look about him, that was very moving. I really felt for Ellen's vanity, when she, the only young lady there, found herself so neglected."

"Ellen," said Lady Lindsay, "did not look neglected when she sat under the old beech tree, while Raymond stood by her side."

"Ellen," continued Lady Lindsay, looking towards her, "you hear what I am saying, I am sure;—tell me, did you feel neglected then?"

Ellen returned no answer. She sat with her eyes fixed upon Percival, as if she had no attention to give from him; but her colour rose, and her mouth—that feature which, it has been said by those who have to deal with the hardened in guilt and deception, is the most difficult to restrain from discovering the workings of inward agitation—betrayed signs of nervousness, which would have induced one more observant than Lady Lindsay, or more considerate than Lady Elizabeth, to change the

subject of conversation. But Lady Lindsay, who was never very much at her ease with Lady Elizabeth, and Lady Elizabeth who was excessively puzzled to know what to talk about to Lady Lindsay, were so much charmed at having stumbled upon a topic of common interest, that they were determined to make the most of it; so one lady followed up the other lady's lead.

“ Oh yes, Ellen; tell us about the tête-à-tête under the old beech-tree. How strange that you should not have mentioned it during our drive home. You should have applied yourself seriously to comfort him. Hearts, you know, ‘ have been caught at the rebound.’ ”

Ellen smiled faintly. “ I had no opportunity to make the experiment, for we scarcely exchanged two sentences while we were there together. I had no power over his silence and depression.”

“ Why, you are quite moved at the recollection of them—

‘ When we had parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken hearted,
To sever for years.’

The spirit of these lines seems to be in you ; and certainly, if silence be a proof of love, Lord Raymond's manner to you throughout the day was most flattering."

Lady Elizabeth's spirits were getting very high ; she felt that she was piquing Ellen, mortifying Mary about her brother, and distinguishing herself by the cleverness of the attack. Altogether she was passing a very pleasant evening ; but Lord Lindsay now said a few words, in his cold sarcastic manner, which gave a graver turn to the discussion.

" Ellen would, I hope, be flattered by the love of such a man as Raymond, even were she led, by any strange infatuation, to reject it."

" It would be a very strange infatuation, indeed," Mr. Dalrymple said. " Lord Raymond has a clear forty thousand pounds a-year, and no man's rents are better paid ;—much better than my Rankin farms are ever likely to pay again. Lindsay, how would you like to have the park at Mordaunt Castle cut through the middle by a rail-road ?"

“Wait till Ellen has the forty thousand a-year offered to her, before you scold her for rejecting it,” said Lady Elizabeth, as she darted a withering look at her husband. “I must really take her part, poor child! I cannot suffer her to be reproved for sins she has had no opportunity to commit.”

“But how delightful it would be to have her settled at Norland. Indeed, Ellen,” Lady Lindsay continued, with one of her sweetest smiles, “I never could forgive you, if you were to refuse Raymond. But you could not have the heart to make him so unhappy.”

“It would be very disagreeable to be refused,—do not you agree with me, Lindsay?” was a question that suggested itself to Charles Dalrymple. He was very fond of trying to draw Lord Lindsay out.

“This is all folly—nothing but folly,” said Ellen, earnestly; “and I dislike these sort of jokes particularly; they make awkwardnesses where there need be none;—and they are repeated and believed; and there is no saying

what mischief they may do. What would Lord Raymond think of me, if he could suppose that I——”

“ Had assumed the merit of having refused what never was offered to you ! that would be an awkwardness indeed,” Elizabeth rejoined, with a forced laugh ; for Ellen’s evident discomposure gave her some misgivings as to the true state of the case.

“ Then let us talk of something else ; for papa is quite puzzled with all our nonsense — and no wonder. I was in hopes, before this, that we should have driven him away by it ; for indeed, papa, you must not sit up too late. Remember how early we go to-morrow.”

“ And there are a few things that I must talk over with Lindsay in the library, before we part,” Lord Mordaunt said, as he rose and tenderly embraced his daughter-in-law, who was already a great favourite of his. He called her a fair, gentle creature, and loved to have her near him. “ Farewell, my child ; remember that I shall look to you, if Ellen should be per-

suaded by one, with, or without, forty thousand a-year, to play me false, and leave me. You must then come back and cheer the old man's home."

Mary pressed his hand to her lips, and thanked him for allowing her to consider herself his daughter, and wished that she might venture to hope she could ever be to him what Ellen was;—and then she looked at Lord Lindsay, to know if she had said too much.

No words escaped Ellen's lips, but they quivered as she hastily walked to the other end of the room, to put together some books for their journey. Frederick Percival followed her.

"Ellen," he said, "in that low deep voice which always gave a charm to the slightest word he uttered, "others may be deceived, or may wilfully deceive themselves; but now I know the truth; Raymond loves you, and has declared his love."

"It is the truth," Ellen answered; "I have

no wish—no right to refuse to answer any thing you may ask.”

She grew very pale, and waited almost breathlessly for his next words. Had he read *her* feelings too? was the question that suggested itself to her, and how should she support herself, if it were answered in the affirmative? How should she support his reproaches, his grief, his scorn? At that moment she felt that to preserve his esteem, and by the devotion of her future life, to make his life a happy one, would be boons too great to hope for. If, by her inconstancy, she were to crush that noble heart which only beat for her, where should she turn for comfort? Not to Lord Raymond; she would no longer be worthy of him; she would never willingly see him more;—that justice she would inflict upon herself. Frederick Percival should not be the only sufferer. It required but a moment for these thoughts to crowd upon her—a painful moment, which Frederick’s next words shewed might have been spared.

“I have nothing further to ask,” he said. “My Ellen, one pang I shall be spared when parting from you:—I need not dread that another may yet be preferred to me. There have been moments when I have felt remorse at having so early drawn you into forming an engagement of which you might repent. Dearest, I will confess to you that there have been yet more trying moments, when I have almost fancied that you did repent it—that if the love I bear you were but half returned, your manner could not always have been so restrained. My doubts are gone for ever. Now that Raymond has failed to shake your faith, I can fear no other rival. On earth I do not know his equal.”

“You have thought me cold, then—but you are satisfied now—oh, Frederick!”

Another moment, and the confession of all that she had most dreaded he should discover would have burst from her; for his words had stung her to the heart. Such an avowal of confidence in her truth was more than she

could bear. His suspicions would have been less painful. Another moment, and all her resolutions of self-sacrifice would have been made in vain—words would have been spoken which could never have been recalled—when a message from her father, begging her to join him in the library, gave her time for consideration.

“Lindsay wished to say a few words to you, my child,” Lord Mordaunt said, as she entered the room; “I have confided to him your engagement with Percival, and he thinks it as well that no definite time is fixed for your marriage. Circumstances have arisen of which Frederick himself is probably not yet aware, which may make the delay already agreed upon a matter of necessity as well as choice.”

Ellen turned to her brother for information. She had a vague idea that he was going to plead Lord Raymond’s cause—strange as it was that he should take the trouble to plead any body’s cause—or indeed wish to speak a few words upon any one’s affairs but his own.

“Perhaps,” he said, “the intelligence I

have to give is already known to you ; but it was only this morning that Lady Raymond heard from one of her foreign correspondents, that Frederick Percival's family had arrived at Paris on its way to England—that Mr. Percival was in great distress, having found letters announcing the death of the agent entrusted with the management of his affairs, which, it appeared, were left in the greatest confusion. There had been both carelessness and dishonesty, and he saw reason to fear that no chance existed of his return to his estate in Lancashire—in fact that no choice was left him but to part with it.”

“ I knew nothing of this—I am sure that Frederick knew nothing either. I am very, very sorry. He was looking forward with so much pleasure to the meeting with his family.”

“ That the meeting with his family should take place a few months sooner or later, would not be a matter of great importance ; but he will now probably be called upon to assist them in their present state of embarrassment ; which, as his income depends upon his continuance

in office, is a serious consideration ;—or at least it ought to be a serious consideration to you, who have no great fortune of your own ; and my father agrees with me that it is totally out of his power at the present moment to make any further settlement upon you.”

“ I fear it is. We have been talking over the state of my affairs, and Lindsay proves it to be impossible. But,” continued Lord Mordaunt, drawing his daughter towards him, “ you must not be cast down, my Ellen. Even should Frederick go out of office, you will between you make up enough to live upon, though perhaps not very brilliantly, and you will both have a home with me.”

Lord Lindsay’s brow contracted.

“ As far as I understand,” he said, “ you entered into this engagement, which I cannot but consider an imprudent one, when you were too young to be very certain of the nature of your own feelings. Frederick was justified in allowing you to consider it as binding, so long as there was a hope that his family property

might be retained ; but under the present circumstances he would be the first to feel that it would be ungenerous not to release you."

" Papa," Ellen asked, " is it your wish too, that now Frederick is poorer than he thought himself, our engagement should be broken off?"

Lord Mordaunt's answer to this appeal was addressed to Lord Lindsay.

" I have not the heart," he said, " to make them both unhappy. While I live, should they ever want it, my house will be their home ; and in case of my death, I hope to be able to make provision for their permanent comfort."

" Ellen, you hear what my father says. He is willing, in order to secure your happiness, to settle upon you more than perhaps in justice he ought ;—for knowing as I do the amount of his yearly income, and how much of late years it has diminished, I imagine that any addition made to your fortune must lessen the possibility of his doing any thing more for Edward. This is a fact which requires some

consideration ; and if, as I suspect, you are throwing away more brilliant prospects in consequence of this early entanglement, no one could blame you should you take this opportunity of freeing yourself from it."

"There is no opportunity for doing so now. Even you, Lindsay, who have thought it right to give such advice, would despise me, if I could break the engagement of years, for no other reason than the fear of comparative poverty—poverty which would be riches to so many. No—even if I were fickle enough to have the inclination" (and here Ellen's voice a little faltered) "the hour for expressing it is past. All now must depend upon Frederick. Consider, Lindsay," she added with a smile, which however had no effect upon his impenetrable gravity, "that Mary has just taken you for better for worse—for richer for poorer."

"I have done," he answered. "You must of course be the best judge of your own feelings. But to prevent any false expectations on the part of Frederick Percival, it is expe-

dient that he should be told at once, that my father can make no addition to your own fortune. I also strongly recommend that your engagement should be still kept secret; and as this recommendation, I believe, agrees with your own plans, it will probably be attended to."

When Ellen returned to the drawing-room from this conference, her looks had recovered their usual animation;—she spoke more—and more naturally, and she addressed most of her conversation to Frederick; and at parting she begged him to come and see the last of them the next morning.

CHAPTER VI.

These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between
Ere you can say she's honest. SHAKESPEARE.

Oh happiness ! our being's aim and end,
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name :
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seem double, by the fool and wise.

* * * * *
Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere ;
'Tis no where to be found, or everywhere. POPE.

It was early the next morning when Ellen entered the drawing-room, prepared for her journey ; but early as it was, Frederick Percival was there before her. He had found letters upon his return home the evening before, confirming all that Lord Lindsay had reported. Of course as yet nothing very certain was

known, as to the precise state of affairs ; but he feared that his father, who had a large family dependent on him, with educations yet unfinished, and professions yet unprovided, would, when his estate should be sold, and all his embarrassments cleared off, have barely sufficient left for the maintenance of a penurious existence in a foreign land.

With the natural anxiety to blame somebody, which we all have when we unexpectedly fall into trouble, he severely blamed himself for having neglected in his father's absence to overlook the management of the estate. But the fact was, he utterly neglected his private interests, while enjoying what Mr. Spry termed that "life of pampered ostentatious trifling, in which our official rulers are maintained by the hardly-earned pittance of the oppressed mechanics."

Ellen would not hear of Frederick's being in fault. So long as his father had been satisfied that every thing was going on well, it was not for him to interfere. Nor indeed could he,

whose mind was already so kept upon the stretch, and who hardly afforded himself the hours necessary for rest and sleep. No! he was unjust to blame himself;—she could not allow him to do that—he must listen to her words, and be comforted.

And he did listen—and he was comforted; and it was not wonderful,—as those soft and gentle words fell upon his ear—soft and gentle to all in trouble—softer and gentler to him, the companion of her childhood, the lover of her youth,—that Frederick felt that he was dear to her, and could not fancy there might be one yet dearer—that he should look upon her as the chosen and devoted one who was cheerfully to share each vicissitude of life with him—who was henceforth

“To borrow

Joy from his joy, and sorrow from his sorrow.”

All grew easy to him, as he explained to her his views for the future, and saw how little the rank and station of the man or the loss of riches seemed to interest Ellen. The addition to his

income made by his wealthy uncle at the moment he least wanted it, he meant at once to make over to his father. That same wealthy uncle had no children, and his money was all of his own making, and therefore in his own power to dispose of as he pleased. He had never forgiven his brother for being poor, having a large family, and making it apparent to the world that he ought to do something to help him. However, since Frederick had distinguished himself, he seemed much inclined to feel pride in the relationship; and if Frederick should eventually work his way to wealth and high station—(official men generally find it easier to attain the last than the first)—there was reason to expect, judging from the usual routine of events in life, that his uncle would immediately take the opportunity to die, in order to leave him his whole fortune.

In the meanwhile, he did not despair of inducing him to do something, in order to facilitate his marriage with Ellen. The Mordaunt connection was a high one; and his uncle was

the sort of man to like high connection. In short, as taking the most gloomy view of the case, actual poverty did not stare them in the face, Frederick Percival would not insult his constant Ellen's tried affections, by supposing that this change in his prospects could make any change in her;—so he said a great many pretty, tender things, about the blissful life they should pass together, even if they should be reduced to a small house in London for their only possession;—and Ellen responded to them with all her power, if not with all her heart. Some people in her precise situation might have allowed the thought to flit through their minds, that Lord Raymond's seat in the country was a better possession than Mr. Percival's seat in Parliament;—and certainly Frederick had chosen a hot dusty day to speak of a hot dusty lodging in London, *pour tout bien*. But all was alike to Ellen; wherever Frederick Percival's lot was cast, there must the affections of Frederick Percival's wife be centered.

The conversation now met with an unexpected interruption. The door flew open, and Mrs. Howard and Harriet Rivers entered the room. It was the luckiest thing in the world—Mr. Howard was horribly late—not yet come down to breakfast—and the children were just going out—so they thought they would go with them for ten minutes to the square; and there they saw the carriage with its imperials; and so Mrs. Howard declared she would venture to run up stairs and take leave of Lady Ellen, and shew her the little recovered boy she had been so kind to. And then Charlie was told that there was the good lady who had carried him home from the nasty great dog—and Charlie said, as his nurse had told him, that he loved the good lady and hated the nasty great dog—and Ellen kissed the child in admiration of the beauty of the sentiment—and Mrs. Howard went on in her bright, sparkling way, congratulating herself and every body else on their good fortune, in having caught the last glimpse of each other.

Frederick stood aloof, following up in his mind the train of ideas to which his conversation with Ellen was leading him, and which Mrs. Howard's entrance prevented him from uttering aloud. He was perfectly guiltless of listening to one word she said;—he only felt that there was a living interruption in the room, and wished that it could any how be got rid of.

As to Miss Rivers, it seemed wonderful why she had taken the trouble to come. Mrs. Howard was determined to be Ellen's friend, whether she liked it or not; so Ellen could only submit, and wish that she would let her alone. But she had always an instinctive feeling that Harriet Rivers' attempts at expressing cordiality towards her were forced; and now she had relapsed into her most repulsive manner. Constrained and silent, there she stood; her perfect features seemed capable of no expression but that of cold indifference. Yet her eyes were fixed upon an object lying on the table, which must have awakened interest of some kind in her mind. It was a

miniature of Edward,—his parting present to Ellen when he first quitted home to join his regiment; and, though the features were more boyish than his, it was an animated speaking likeness.

“You must recognise an acquaintance there,” Ellen said. “It was the very image of Edward when it was painted, and I was such a child when he gave it to me, the joy of possessing it almost consoled me for his absence. Since then I have learned to doubt whether the sight of it does not give more pain than pleasure. When I have known him to be unhappy, this bright countenance has seemed like mockery.”

“Unhappy!” said Miss Rivers, quickly; “do you think your brother unhappy?”

“There have been times when I have known him to be so; and I fancied, when he left London, that something was worrying him. Perhaps you may have heard from him since I have; for of late he has rather neglected me?”

Mrs. Howard coloured and looked at Harriet, who did not shrink from the task of answering

for her. "You could not expect," she said, "that he should be kinder to us than to you. He has not written a word to us since he left London."

A pause ensued, which Ellen employed in pondering with disgust over these evasive words. Charlie and Cecy, seeing their elders at fault, thought the time was come to make a diversion in their own favour; so Charlie seized the picture.

"I know who that is," said Cecy.

"I don't," said Charlie.

"That's because you're a boy; and mamma says girls are quicker than boys."

"I can't help that," said Charlie; "and papa says I'm quick too."

"Well then, look who that's meant for. Who gave you the sword and the gun?"

"Captain Ned—I call him Captain Ned, because he told me."

"I call him Edward, like mamma—that's meant for Edward."

"No, it isn't—mamma has got a picture of

him, not like that. Look mamma—look Aunt Harriet—isn't Cecy wrong this time?"

"Yes, look mamma, an't I right? Is not that Edward? only your Edward has got another coat on."

Here was an exposure! *Her* Edward, only with another coat on! Well was Mrs. Howard justified in having called her children little chattering torments. Ellen fancied too that she could detect something of sentiment in the tone in which the little girl pronounced Edward—"like mamma." She quite shrank from hearing what the innocent infants might bring out next, and till she succeeded in fixing their attention upon the packing of the carriage, she forbore from even glancing towards Mrs. Howard and Harriet. She felt that shame for them which she began to think they were past feeling for themselves. Then again, she could scarcely refrain from pitying the embarrassment by which, at that moment, they must be overwhelmed.

It is a foolish thing to pity any body. To

the really distressed, simple pity can do no good ; to those who would be thought prosperous, it is received as an insult. Ellen's pity, in this case, was particularly ill-bestowed. When she turned round to say a few words about her journey, which would give an opening for the departure of her discomfited visitors, she intercepted a look of Harriet's which was directed to Mrs. Howard—an arch, mocking look. The incorrigible girl seemed upon the point of giving way to a fit of laughter. Mrs. Howard, to be sure, grew red and white, and all manner of colours ; but then she had a trick of blushing upon the slightest provocation—there was no merit in blushing now, when she had so much to blush for. It was some consolation, when at length they left her, to feel that for the future she should be justified in shewing them such decided coldness as must put an end to the acquaintance.

Words in quantities have been wasted to prove that the moment of parting with any body or any thing that we have ever cared for

at all is unpleasant ; and, after all, it is a self-evident proposition. Ellen sat at breakfast between her father and Frederick, silent and dejected. Perhaps she should never again return to that house as an inmate ; and she looked round the room in which she had felt such young fresh feelings of joy and sorrow, till every part of it seemed filled with scenes and sounds by all but her forgotten.

“ It is time for us to be moving,” said her father ; “ we must not forget that we have a long journey to take. Frederick, as soon as the session is over, you must contrive to make time to pay us a visit. I long to have you again at Mordaunt Castle, and from self-interest, am anxious to teach you, once more, to consider it as a home ; for when you have taken Ellen from me, I foresee that I shall become a fixture there. I am too old for London, where even the young and the active must use exertions to keep their place among their fellows. My oaks and elms are as ancient and inanimate as myself ; among them I will end my days.”

Ellen rose and walked to the window. She felt as if she should choke—

“ While struggling as they rose to part,
She checked the waters of the heart.”

But she did check them, and if her cheek was pale when she parted from Frederick, he was not a very vain man if he felt satisfied that he knew the cause—nor a very inhuman man, if he was content that it should be so.

It was fortunate that Lord Mordaunt did not require a talkative travelling companion. The first part of their journey was performed in almost unbroken silence. He leaned back in his corner,—in that quiet passive state of existence, which those only can know who have lived long enough to exhaust their energies of mind and body; and Ellen leaned back in hers, while vivid fancies, and vain regrets, and delusive schemes chased each other through her mind, more rapidly even than the objects that she was passing flitted before her eyes. Lord

Raymond! oh that she had never known him! would that she could forget his very name! And then there was the terrace at Norland,—and the old beech tree—and the sun-set; and then for a moment she saw herself there—again there—there alone with him—recalling to recollection that melancholy evening, only to make them feel their present bliss more surely.

This was quite a wrong dream for one in Ellen's circumstances to fall into; and when she woke enough to know that she was dreaming, she hastened to wake quite. Edward!—she thought of him. He was not what he had been to her—he had other friends whom he trusted, when he would no longer trust her—he could be near, without making an effort to see her—even his letters had almost lost their value—she read them with distrust,—for once, she knew that he had deceived her. It was no longer a pleasure to her to write to him—she had feelings which she was ashamed to avow. It was too painful that reserve should exist between them—for he was dear—dearer to her

than ever—she feared for his happiness, and her heart clung the closer to him.

Then came the worry of Mrs. Howard and Harriet Rivers. For full fifteen miles they kept possession of her mind. Harriet Rivers played twenty bad parts in twenty intricate dramas—and Mrs. Howard did little better—and all their machinations were directed to one object, which of course they would eventually achieve—the utter ruin of poor Edward's prospects.

These speculations quite fevered her. Her mind grew weary, and she felt melancholy. Then there was Frederick Percival—and his family misfortunes—and their engagement;—and she went all over the set of feelings devoted to that subject again—and she was wretched. Elizabeth too—she was no comfort to her—and Mr. Dalrymple—he bored her—and Lindsay—he chilled and frightened her—and Lady Lindsay—she was *his* sister—and talked so much of him—and she must not love to listen.

Life (she at last made up her mind) cer-

tainly was a miserable invention:—and then scraps of verses presented themselves to her, which proved that other people had thought the same thing; and she was just with mournful enthusiasm running over the lines,

“ Lorsque sur cette terre on se sent delaissée,
Qu’on n’est d’aucun objet la première pensée”—

when it suddenly struck her, that she was suffering under exactly the contrary misfortune—she was “ la premiere pensée” of two “objets.” These lines did not fit her case at all; and that made her smile at her own folly, and she grew better.

Every mile now told in her favour. Her country speculations were fast overcoming her London reminiscences. She thought of her flower-garden, and wondered if the roses were over—of her neighbours, who had been vegetating, with nothing to wear them out, mind or body—of old Madame Renardin, who, a month before, had declared herself too old to bear the smoke and heat of London, and who

must be pining for the sight of her. Then she thought of the good simple-minded clergyman—of her strange uncle, and his still stranger daughter—of the broken-hearted widow at the lodge, whose only son had taken to evil courses, and was under sentence of transportation. She even wondered how soon the Harrisons would return to their red-brick house, and dreaded the task of returning the Beaumonts' visits.

It was moon-light when they entered the gates of the Park. The deer, scared by the sound of the carriage, started from among the high fern where they had been lazily reclining—the picturesque old pollards stood out in bold relief against the cloudless sky—and as lights glanced rapidly from the windows, the irregular pile of building looked more like a small city than the habitation of a single family.

“*Mon enfant,*” said old Madame Renardin, when the rapture of her first meeting with Ellen had a little subsided—and the flowers with which she had decorated the drawing-

room had been sufficiently admired—"Mon enfant, tu es changée."

Ellen laughed, and scolded her for hurting her vanity—but no, her vanity need not suffer—she was beautiful—more beautiful than ever—nevertheless, the old lady said, as she pushed back the thick ringlets from the fair polished brow, and peered into the deep blue eyes, "Je vois ce que c'est;"—and then laying her hand upon her own heart, she repeated, with an expression of great complacency, as she pottered off, "Je vois ce que c'est—l'amour a passé par là."

CHAPTER VII.

Therefore be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
His semblable, yea himself, Timon disdains.
I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

SHAKSPEARE.

ELLEN's first thought, upon waking the next morning, was that she was free—free from her fellow-creatures—free to seek fresh air, and do what she pleased ; her next, that there were heaps of small social duties which she was imperatively called upon to perform :—it was a happy thought if she did but know it. The hardest task in the world is to set about pleasing one's self, when there is only one's self to please.

To provide for her father's morning occupation was her first care; and when she had seen him set off in his low-wheeled phaëton, to make a tour with his agent round some new plantations, she set off on a walk, to see such of the poor people as lived in the ornamental cottages near the Park, as a kind of recreation, before she performed the real object she proposed to herself, of paying a visit to her uncle.

If Ellen had any thing belonging to her, verging upon an unchristian feeling, it was her dislike of this uncle. She wondered how he could be her father's brother; she rejoiced that he did not bear the family name; she blessed the memory of the rich god-father who died, and left him the choice either of throwing away his claim upon a legacy of two hundred thousand pounds, or taking the name of Bolland. The god-father had never seen him: if he had, the money would probably have been differently disposed of.

After all, Mr. Bolland was not quite the unbearable monster that Ellen allowed herself to

consider him ; and if the history of his life had been known to her, she would have made some allowance for him. His faults were the faults of early education, or rather of the want of it. He had been an uncouth ugly boy. Most boys are naturally ugly and uncouth ; but his elder brother, the present Lord Mordaunt, was remarkably the contrary. It seemed like an unfair disposition of things, that by his birth-right all worldly advantages should be secured to him, and that he should also monopolise all those qualities which would have enabled him to gain worldly advantages for himself. The young Peter—for that was the name which succeeding events justified his parents for having inflicted upon their helpless infant—the young Peter, before he was four years old, had half broken his mother's heart, and totally alienated her affections, by overthrowing every ink-stand and breaking every article of ornamental china which came within his reach. He and Brave, the great bull-dog, were dismissed together, as unfitting inmates of the

drawing-room, and “Beauty,” as his father in derision would call his ugly boy, was glad to find, in the servants’ hall, the kindness which was denied to him in the higher regions.

A child is as keenly sensible to the shafts of ridicule as a grown-up person, or even more so; for he is less hardened to bear them; and he resents being the object of them with greater bitterness, because he knows not what he has done to deserve them. While Lord Mordaunt grew up full of that milk of human kindness with which he had been nurtured, his brother learned to look upon those who ought to have been his natural friends, as his unnatural enemies; and he took no pains to please them, or overcome the prejudice against him. The more he was reproached for want of tact and manner, the gruffer grew his tone, and the more frequent his repetition of slang expressions, which jarred against all refinement. Still he was not deficient in abilities. He passed through school and college with a fair character as to learning, and with not more than the

usual quantum of the vices for which those public places of education seem carefully to make allowance.

He was upon the point of taking orders, when the rich godfather died, and changed his destination in life. He out-bid his brothers, and purchased a small estate close to the gates of Mordaunt Castle, which Lord Mordaunt had been particularly anxious to acquire; for it made an unlucky nook in his property. Mr. Bolland enjoyed his new acquisition all the more from feeling this. It was impossible even for *him* to dislike his brother; but he was just jealous enough of him, to be glad to baffle him in small things;—and as his nephews grew up, and Lord Lindsay's imperious, selfish disposition developed itself, he loved his own possessions all the better for the small annoyances which it gave him power to inflict. Lord Lindsay was very tenacious about game and boundaries, and other such matters, in which his uncle delighted to thwart him. He retained a notorious poacher in his service,

merely because Lord Lindsay had represented the expediency of turning him adrift.

He married, early in life, the daughter of his brother's agent. It could scarcely be called a *mésalliance*, for she was good, and gentle, and more refined than himself. He was kind to her, after his fashion; but Ellen, in the plenitude of her dislike to him, always declared she died prematurely, quite worn out by the many disagreeable things he said to her. She left him with one son, who lived long enough to become the object of his father's special reprobation and dislike;—and one daughter—such a daughter!—the very image of himself—

“ Her hair—her features—all—to the very tone
Even of her voice—”

they were all like his, and unfortunately not “softened all, and tempered into beauty.” Still more unfortunately, her mind seemed to be cut out of a corner of the same cross-grained stuff that his was—the little mind that she

had ;—for to judge by the result, a fair portion of the intellect necessary for the formation of a common-place woman, had not been measured out to her. She was, as it is delicately expressed, “ rather deficient ”—in other words, she was decidedly half a fool. She was about the same age as Ellen, but not more competent than an infant of four years old to conduct herself in the common routine of life. She seldom spoke ; but when strangers entered the room, she would dart suspicious glances at them, from sharp, cunning looking eyes, which gradually settled into a fixed unmeaning stare. There seemed to be an instinct in her folly, which led her, whenever she did speak, to say what was likely to make the most mischief ; and then she would laugh heartily—a spiteful unaccountable laugh—which at times had made Ellen’s blood run cold.

“ Well said, Margaret ! Ah ! Margaret’s a shrewd one,” her father would observe, after one of these ebullitions. He always talked of her himself, and insisted upon others talking of

her, as a sensible being: he only betrayed his knowledge of her infirmity, by engaging a female attendant who was never to lose sight of her, and by publicly declaring that no woman was fit to be trusted with money—fifteen thousand pounds was all Margaret should ever get from him—his daughter should never be a rich heiress, to be run after by adventurers and fortune-hunters.

He would have been a keen fortune-hunter who could have ventured to run after Margaret.

Upon the foregoing declaration as to her uncle's intentions, Ellen built many a speculation in Edward's favour. Mr. Bolland, when Edward was a boy, seemed to look upon him with more benevolence than he extended to any other human being:—perhaps he had a sympathetic feeling for one born a younger brother. It was apparently the only sympathetic feeling that could exist between them. Certain it was that he displayed less of harshness in his manner to Edward than to his own son,—who, being thwarted in the choice of his profession, left the

mercantile house where his father had sent him, and in a fit of boyish desperation, enlisted as a private soldier. Mr. Bolland resisted all entreaties to rescue him from the situation in which he had placed himself, and deeply resented the interference of the merchant with whom he had placed him; who, finding the boy's repugnance to the confinement of a counting-house was not to be overcome, procured him a commission, and launched him in the world, with a hope that he would do his utmost to retrieve himself in his own and his father's estimation. That merchant was Mr. Rivers, Harriet's father.

The unlucky boy seemed to have been born into the world only to give trouble to himself and others. He died shortly after, in the West Indies. His father received the account of his death without a single comment, and with an unchanged countenance. He merely said to Margaret, "Your brother is dead,"—to which she replied—"Then you should cry—Juno howled when her puppies were drowned;"—and

she looked in his face and laughed. From this time he revenged himself for all he had or had not felt, upon the whole mercantile world, and the entire standing army, by sneering at them collectively and individually whenever they were mentioned

If ever he had a predilection in Edward's favour, from the moment he entered the army no trace was left of its existence; but Ellen argued that it once did exist, from the fact that his sneers were more constantly levelled against him, than against anybody else. For Edward she could be interested and calculating, and she still hoped that the Bolland property would eventually be disposed of, in a channel that could never have been contemplated by the original testator.

"And what fine lady have we got here?" was Mr. Bolland's greeting to Ellen, as they met in the avenue leading to his door. A pitchfork was thrown over his shoulder, and a keg of beer was in his hand; his coat was rusty, and the brim of his hat a little torn. He might

have been taken for a farmer, but certainly not for a gentleman-farmer."

"So it is you, girl, is it? Why your gown sticks out like a hoop! And so you could not stay quietly at home, till I could go and see you. I suppose you expected to find me sitting old and helpless in a corner; but I am not such a fixture as my brother. More years have gone over his head than mine. *I* have got the advantage of him now."

"Papa is anything but a fixture at this moment. He has been out in his phaëton for the last hour, and he meant to come here in his way home."

"Then he will not find me. It is very well for those whose limbs are worn out, to drive about in phaëtons, and pay visits. I have my harvest to get in, and cannot afford to sit at home and receive them."

"I am sure that papa will not expect you to do anything disagreeable to yourself," Ellen answered—nor agreeable to others, she longed to add—but she did not; and after a moment's

pause, during which her uncle strided on at a rate which she found it difficult to follow, she enquired after Margaret.

“She is well,” he replied—“what should ail her? It is only hot rooms, and out-of-the-way hours, that make people look pale and faded before their time, like so many parboiled chickens;”—and he gave Ellen a look which really did make her feel as if she were nothing better than a parboiled chicken. She began to think that, much as she had disliked the notion of her visit, she had forgotten how odious her uncle could be;—and when they entered the drawing-room, the presence even of Margaret was a relief.

It was a comfortless looking room, worthy of the comfortless looking inhabitants. Margaret was seated at a table, drawing what she called men and horses, while Dixon, the devoted attendant, was working at her side.

“Here is your cousin, Miss Bolland,” she whispered, as Ellen approached. “You must get up and ask her how she does.”

Margaret took no notice of this exhortation, but continued to draw unmeaning lines with her pencil, while her eyes were fixed upon Ellen.

“ You are too busy to remember me, Margaret,” Ellen said, as she stooped down and kissed her.

“ Yes, I am busy drawing men and horses. This is uncle Mordaunt—and this is Edward—and this is Lindsay on his horse, riding over every body.”

“ Ah ! well said, my girl,” said her father, with a loud laugh ; “ I fancy that my brother finds Lindsay ready enough to do that. He may yet live to envy me, who, when my strength begins to fail, as his is failing, shall have no son to take advantage of my weakness, that he may rule the roast. And pray, if I may venture to ask after so very fine a gentleman—how may Edward be ? Has he contrived to keep clear of the King’s Bench yet ? ”

“ Yes,” Ellen answered, trying to smile. “ I assure you that I have heard nothing of trou-

bles about money for a long while. Edward is with his regiment—he is very fond of his profession.”

“Profession! I did not know that he had a profession. Do you call the army a profession? In these days, it is only the younger brother’s excuse for leading an idle life, and strutting about in the dress of a mountebank.”

“Our new turkey-cock,” said Margaret, “does nothing from morning to night but strut about and gobble,”—and she gave one of her unaccountable laughs, in which her father joined.

“True, girl, true—ah! she’s a shrewd one. There is as much sense in the gobble of a turkey-cock as in the talk of a young officer. And what sort of a wife has his high mightiness Lindsay thought fit in his wisdom to choose, as the companion of his grandeur?”

Ellen could with truth speak highly of Lady Lindsay. She was all that they could wish—good, and gentle, and affectionate.

“What! she belongs to the milk-and-water

class, does she ? Best for her ; a strong-minded woman would chafe under Lindsay's imperious ways. And so now he has carried her off abroad, and left my brother to amuse himself as he can ? Well, much comfort may he find in his sons ! I am better off in a daughter who is content to stay at home."

" But he has a daughter too, who is more than content to stay with him. It would be strange indeed if she were not," said Ellen, earnestly.

Her uncle's countenance clouded. Of all his causes for jealousy of his brother, the superiority of Ellen to Margaret was what galled him most. The very sight of her was baneful to him. Some such feeling might be excusable in a father who saw such a contrast before him. Ellen, in her simple straw bonnet and muslin dress, so quiet and distinguished in air and figure ; her glossy ringlets parted on her fair forehead ; her deep blue eyes beaming with intelligence ; her clear sweet voice expressing all the filial devotion that seemed a part of her

existence; and his own unfortunate daughter—showily dressed, for she was fond of finery—with her heavy brow, and her down look, and her listless movements, and her muttered words:—it certainly was a sight to make an affectionate father melancholy, and a morose man almost savage.

“ I can idle no longer—you girls are fittest companions for each other,” he said, looking fiercely at Ellen, as if to see whether she would dare dissent from him. “ Dixon, do you not see that your young lady has dropped her pencil ?”

He grasped his pitchfork and was walking away, when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and he threw it down with violence.

“ This, then, is to be a morning of visits it seems, and my harvest must be left to the tender mercies of the parish vagrants. This must be my brother, to judge from all the trampling of horses I hear—two to drag him—and two to follow him—one postillion—two grooms, and an agent to sit by his side ! Four

men, and four horses, to convey one old man a mile ! Thank heaven, I can walk."

The meeting of the brothers was a sight to see. Lord Mordaunt's movements were slow and feeble, but his tall fine figure was scarcely bent by age, and his naturally courteous manner was still more softened as he cordially greeted his brother, and remarked upon some improvements that had struck him in his drive to the house. Mr. Bolland's strength had lasted better ; he had a right to pride himself upon that,—if mortal man may feel pride in what is the sole gift of Heaven. He was tall too, but square-made, and high-shouldered ; and there was a hard unpleasant expression in his countenance, though the plainness of his features was less striking than in his youth. There is no expectation of finding beauty in age ; but there was something weather-beaten, and almost vulgar, in his appearance. The tone of his voice too was harsh ; and though he shook his brother heartily by the hand, there was something mocking in his eye, which made Ellen

feel sure he was thinking what stinging words he could utter.

“So you admire my improvements, do you? That is more than I expected. Rawson, your bailiff there, wished me to build my new cowshed on the other side of the yard, because he considered them ugly objects from your terrace. I laughed in his face. Great men, I told him, might play what pranks they pleased on their own estates—less men would take permission to follow their examples. You would be a little surprised, I fancy, if it should enter my head to beg you to pull down Mordaunt Castle, because it was an eye-sore to me.”

“It was a mere fancy of Rawson’s,” Lord Mordaunt answered mildly. “Two or three hollies judiciously planted would quite hide them from us. I am afraid that you must make up your mind to support the sight of Mordaunt Castle a little longer.”

“That is an effort Lindsay would gladly spare me, I fancy. He would be glad enough to buy me out with some of your money; but

here I am, and here I shall stick. None of the family money went to the purchase of this estate ; and now the family must brook to see another in possession of it."

"But surely you consider yourself one of the family?" Lord Mordaunt began in a deprecating tone; but he was hastily interrupted by Mr. Bolland.

"I do not know," he said, "what I reckon myself; I only know that my family never reckoned me as one of themselves. My father and mother never reckoned me as a son—and better for them—better to have a son who is no son, than sons who may turn out spendthrifts or tyrants."

"You called Edward a spendthrift the other day—so I suppose that Lindsay is the tyrant," said Margaret.

This shrewdness of Margaret's was rather ill-timed, and Mr. Bolland appeared not to hear her; but Ellen, who saw that her father looked hurt, could bear it no longer. She spoke tenderly of her uncle's wheat-sheaves,

and was sure that he must be grudging every moment he passed away from them; and then she begged her father to let her be his companion home, instead of Mr. Rawson, who seemed to sympathise with Ellen in her aversion to a visit at Bolland farm, and had walked away.

“Do you know that man who is holding the gate open for you?” were Mr. Bolland’s last words. “It is the fellow whom Lindsay took a spite against, because he knocked down a pheasant or two;—an impudent rascal as ever lived—but I keep him on—or there would be no end of complaints of my work-people poaching on your manor. And what would become of this man if I were to turn him off;—for it is pretty clear that you would not be suffered to employ him? I should have him poaching here next, for a livelihood.”

“My brother’s manner does not improve from his living so much alone; and some of his views are a little peculiar,” was all that Lord Mordaunt said as they drove off. Ellen wondered whether that was all he thought—

whether the influence of early association was strong enough to spare him the dreadful provocation that every word Mr. Bolland uttered inflicted upon her. If it were only want of manner, she could have forgiven him; but the intention was so evidently bad. Then his question about Edward and the King's Bench,—it was too unfeeling, and really looked as if he had no serious thoughts of doing anything for him. She would not go and see him again for an age:—that was her first determination. Then she thought that she would go again in a few days, and find out what state he really was in about Edward. She would not be baffled about him so easily. It was her favourite plot, and must not be given up.

Ellen's mind was in a dreamy state, and it was soft dreamy weather; and long after her father went into the house, she wandered in the old Elm-tree walk, in that vague idle state of existence, which, while it lasts, is something of a luxury in this hard-working world. It was not till the dinner-bell rang that she was fairly

roused from it ; and then it was fortunate ;—for a defined speculation was rising in her mind, as to whether Lord Raymond was still wandering under his elm-trees, or if he were already returned to the haunts of men.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
One speaks the glory of the British queen ;
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and sighs :
At every word a reputation dies.

POPE.

“AND so Lady Ellen is gone out of town, and nothing is come of it,” Julia Harrison said to Eliza Beaumont, as they walked together in Kensington gardens, while Kate and Mr. Butler strolled on before,—feeling themselves the envy and admiration of every body that passed. “I always told you it was a mistake to suppose that anything was going on between her and Mr. Percival. I am a very clear-sighted person

about those things. When mamma and Kate grew quite despairing about Francis Butler, I kept up their spirits. I said that it was quite certain he would propose at last, and you see how right I was. I wish there was any chance of your having a marriage in your family, that you might know what fun it is. The Butlers are all so very fond of us. Old Mr. Butler kissed me when I was introduced to him, and said he looked upon us all as one family."

"I am sure I wish," said Eliza, "that Maria or Anne were going to be married; for I am afraid my marriage will be the first, and that I shall lose the fun of theirs. As you must have observed, I am somehow or other so much more popular than they are. You know how Captain Glanville used to talk to me, and he never took any notice of them."

"Why, where are Kate and Mr. Butler going now?" said Julia, as they turned out of the broad walk, near the palace, into one of the less frequented paths. "I have never been here before. I wonder whether it is right. I sup-

pose, with him to take care of us, there can be no harm."

"It is rather a dull walk, I think ; do not you?" said Eliza yawning. "I was in hopes I saw a man in a grey hat coming this way, but he has turned off. I wish that Mr. Butler's business would let him walk a little later ; there is nobody to look at, at this hour."

"I was afraid you would be bored. I wanted John to come with us, but he could not. He went off very early this morning to the Tower stairs, to see the last of Lord Lindsay. There never was such a friendship as that. They are so very fond of each other. Whenever Lord Lindsay wants anything done, he is sure to send to John to do it for him. John still thinks that he quite threw himself away when he married Miss Spenser."

"I saw her brother in the park yesterday, looking quite moped and melancholy," said Eliza ; "and they say that he certainly is in love with Lady Ellen, and that she will not marry him. I wonder why. Norland is such a

lovely place. My aunt took me to see it when I was staying with her last year, and we thought we had a glimpse of Lord Raymond himself at a distance. I wanted to walk after him to see; but my aunt would go the other way. He was riding by Lady Elizabeth's open carriage when I saw him yesterday, talking to her for talk's sake, I suppose. She had got Miss Rivers with her. Oh! look, Julia,—what a very knowing-looking couple we are overtaking,—I dare say they will turn out to be somebody we know. Oh! and there is another lady walking in front, who belongs to them I suppose; only the walk is so narrow. I dare say that she is chaperoning them, as we are Kate and Mr. Butler; and what a bore for her to be quite alone. Well! I never saw such an interesting looking couple. How he is talking, and she looking up in his face—so very much in love.”

“If Mr. Glanville were not out of town, I should say that the gentleman looked very like him,” Julia observed as they drew nearer.

“Not the least,” Eliza answered decidedly, —“not the very least like him. His hat is not put on like Captain Glanville’s, and he walks quite differently. I know Captain Glanville’s walk particularly well. He once walked by my side from the gate to the carriage.”

“That may be,” Julia answered ; “but it is him, for I caught a glimpse of his face just now, as he turned round ; and see, they are turning into another path, because he saw us ; and I do believe I know who the lady is. I am sure I do. Eliza ! what a very shocking thing ! It is Mrs. Howard. And the lady walking first must be Miss Rivers. Only think of their being here at this hour, when they must have hoped to meet nobody ! And you see they are evidently avoiding us. I always said that Mrs. Howard looked like a naughty little woman—I said so before anybody else did. And to think of that Miss Rivers ! But perhaps after all it is her he is in love with.”

“I do not believe it,—not a word of it,” said Eliza growing very red ; “she has often been in

sight when he has come up to talk to me, and he took no notice of her. It is his way to flirt with married women, and so he is flirting with Mrs. Howard ; but I know from his manner that he does not admire Miss Rivers—I am quite satisfied about him. He only goes on flirting with married women, as all young men do till they marry.”

In spite of this satisfactory code of morality, which Eliza had drawn up for Edward’s use, she was not satisfied that Julia should go home, and report that she had seen Mr. Glanville, who was so decidedly her property, entirely devoted to another woman ; and she once more declared her conviction that it was not him. Strong in the difference of hat and walk, her faith remained unshaken. Julia was equally pertinacious in her opinion ; and as it was a case which did not admit of argument, they beguiled the time by entering into a course of denials and assertions, which did not seem very likely to lead to any positive conclusion,—when, just as Eliza was beginning to

wonder whether there was ever to be an end to Kate's and Mr. Butler's walking and talking, the question between her and Julia was set at rest, by their emerging from the narrow path, into the broad walk at the Bayswater entrance, when they encountered Mr. Glanville himself. He was alone, and walking fast, evidently making the best of his way out of the gardens, and for a moment he looked considerably annoyed when he found what a party he had stumbled upon. It was only for a moment. Edward was too much a man of the world to lose his self-possession; and if—as he submitted to Eliza's vivacious greeting—felicitated the blushing Kate upon her happy prospects—and nodded in acknowledgment of the solemn bend of Mr. Butler's bushy head—he heartily wished them all at the other extremity of the globe, he was eminently successful in concealing his feelings:—for Eliza afterwards declared, that she “never saw Captain Glanville more inclined to be pleasant; he really seemed quite overcome with joy at meeting them: she

wished they had fallen in with him when he came into the gardens, instead of when he was leaving them, for he was so hurried, he had no time left to spare to them."

Edward did speak of being excessively hurried. He had come up to town upon regimental business, and was obliged to return again almost immediately; in fact, he had seen nobody since he arrived, not even the Dalrymples, and had not found time to let them know he was come. He then took leave, but after a moment's consideration returned, and enchanted Eliza, by declaring that as he had fallen in with them, he could not resist asking a little more about them all:—"How was his friend Charles? as riotous as ever? Was there any new play worth seeing? and that staunch tory, Mr. Beaumont, what did he think of the reformed House of Commons now? He felt for him when they talked of emancipating the Jews; it would be a terrible thing to see the treasury benches peopled by ministers with flowing gowns and long beards!"

Eliza, of course, did think it would be a terrible thing; but Julia Harrison, strong to her fealty to Spry, felt it due to herself and to him to stand forth in defence of the oppressed; so with a vigorous stretch of intellect, she observed that she did not see why Jews should not be as efficient as Catholics;—they were always reckoned clever at getting money, and she should think a Jew chancellor of the exchequer would be very much for the advantage of the country.

Edward had nothing to reply to this; so he once more took leave, and at the same time observed that it was very fortunate he should have taken Kensington Gardens in his way from the Knightsbridge barracks; as, besides the pleasure of seeing them, he had fallen in with Mrs. Howard and Miss Rivers, who were also taking an early walk. Perhaps they had seen them at a distance. After having been so long in country quarters, it was quite refreshing to see so many friends.

“Oh yes,” Eliza answered, “we did see

you, and Julia declared it was you and them, but I would not believe her—I thought it so odd that you should be here, when you were supposed to be in the North. But you have made it all very simple now. You see,” she said to Julia, as he walked away, “that it was all an accident their being together. It was quite accidental, you know, his joining us;—yet if Miss Rivers had seen him, she would have had a very good right to say that he was in love with me. I am glad that we have made out his being with them was quite an accident.”

Julia shook her head. “It is very odd that he should have met with two such accidents in one morning. I do not know what to make of it; but my penetration seldom fails me,—and you may mark my words—there is something more in all this than we understand. I always said that Mrs. Howard was a naughty little woman. There goes her carriage now; and what a long way we have to walk!”

There certainly was something more in all

this than they could understand,—for, at Cumberland gate they encountered Miss Rivers, walking with Mr. Howard. Poor man!—it seemed an unusual thing for any body to walk with him. Mrs. Howard's carriage was again seen rolling away.

“Ah, how do you do, Miss Rivers?” said Eliza, “We had a distant view of you, a little while ago, in Kensington Gardens.”

“Of me! impossible” — Miss Rivers answered with the utmost composure; “I have not been in Kensington Gardens this month. But good morning—my uncle is in a hurry.”

“Well! was there ever any thing like that?” said Julia. “Another time, before they part, she and Mr. Glanville had better settle what story they mean to tell. It is pretty clear that she, at least, thinks the accident of their meeting had better remain untold. I should like to know what Mrs. Howard said to poor Mr. Howard when they met him. However, she may safely trust to Miss Rivers to blind any

body. She was right enough to leave her with him."

Eliza looked very much discomfited. "I have no patience with Miss Rivers," she said indignantly; "she is only affecting to be mysterious, that we may suppose there was something in nothing. If it were necessary to deny the truth, of course Captain Glanville would have done it. It is the gentleman's duty to do so, in such a case. He, you see, knew there was nothing in the meeting to signify or be ashamed of."

Julia's head was again shaken with ominous signification. "Ladies sometimes feel shame, when gentlemen feel nothing but pride. Mr. Glanville may think it a thing to boast of, that Mrs. Howard and Miss Rivers should come to meet him clandestinely, in Kensington Gardens."

As it happened, Mr. Glanville, at that present speaking, felt no pride; he only felt excessively provoked, that his path should have been crossed by such a set of prating idiots. Eliza

would happily never know it; but in that moment of irritation, he considered her as nothing better. For many reasons he was anxious that his hurried visits to London should not be known to his family. Ellen would think it so strange that he should travel so far, and for so short a time, and so unkind that he should pitch upon the very week that she left London for coming to it. And now, that he was there, could no longer be concealed. The Beaumonts and Harrisons would be going down to their staring red-brick houses, and one after the other would pour into Ellen's ears the interesting intelligence of their having met him. He wished there were no such inventions as vulgar, gossiping, country neighbours. As it was, something must be done. Whatever else she might think of him, Ellen must not think him unkind;—so he sat down and wrote her a letter.

It was not a bad idea. The current value of a letter is much more than its sterling worth. A very small degree of acid infused into a letter, makes it, in the judgment of the receiver, a

compound of bitterness and malice. A few violent words may be hastily uttered and hastily forgotten;—but an unkind letter shews such deliberate, calculated unkindness—unkindness which is visible to the eye—and can be studied, and worked up, and committed to memory, till, to the end of time, the former friend only appears in the more prominent light of the writer of that unpleasant letter.

Then, on the other hand, every body knows, though perhaps every body will not own, that an affectionate letter can work greater wonders still. A man may be wilder than the winds; he may treat his family with the most wanton neglect; half break, by his inconstancy, the heart that beats for him alone;—in spite of every appeal—every remonstrance, he may persist in following his wicked will, till some check comes which throws him upon the generosity of those whose kindness he has trampled upon;—and then—down he sits, and writes a letter—an affectionate letter—and then, poor fellow! all his faults are forgotten:—“He had been

astray—but he was miserable—he was misled—his heart had always been where it ought to be—and every body was so good, and he so unworthy—and every body was wished that happiness which he could never know—no never”—and then—poor, poor fellow! it is impossible to do enough to comfort him!

But Edward Glanville wrote *his* letter, as much to satisfy himself as his correspondent. Ellen, in her late letters, had taken no pains to conceal her anxiety about him, and he could not bear to think that he was the cause of unhappiness to her, whom he loved better almost than any body in the world. *Almost!* yes, there it was—there was the bitter truth which Ellen found it hard to believe;—for it is a bitter moment, when he, the companion of our home, with whom in childhood and in youth we have been bred up, first finds other dearer ties abroad. Deep, steady, affection may yet remain; but for a time the delirium of passion sweeps all before it, and the claims of consanguinity are forgotten. It is the nature of man;

but it is difficult for woman to allow for it. Ellen however did her best, as she read again and again the letter, which it really was a little unreasonable of Edward to suppose could be very satisfactory to her.

“ MY DEAREST ELLEN,

“ YOU will be surprised to find that I am writing to you from London;—you will be angry with me too, for coming into it, just as you have left it. But I will tell you the truth; if I could have concealed from you my hurried journey, I would have done so; and it is only because I fear you will hear of it from others, that I have determined to tell you of it handsomely myself. I fell in with a portion of the Beaumont and Harrison tribe, at a moment when, if possible, I was more than usually anxious to avoid them. They of course all fell upon me at once, led on by Eliza Beaumont, who rushed forward and headed the attack.

You will think me unkind, dearest, but I cannot tell you why I am here. If the path I am

pursuing is to lead to unhappiness, I shall have no one to blame but myself. None but myself can understand the feelings which are leading me on; but soon my fate will be decided, and then, my own Ellen, you shall know all. Now, you could but give me advice, which I feel I could not follow. Were the last year of my life to be lived again, I would act differently; but it is too late now. I am no longer a free agent,—and I love you too dearly not to shrink from appeals and remonstrances which can be of no avail. Hereafter I shall be blamed, and I deserve it; but you, Ellen, will blame me as little and as gently as you can, and will forgive me all the anxiety I have caused you. My father too—God knows, that in all my early troubles, my bitterest thought was the grief I was bringing upon him. In one way, I trust, I shall never offend him more. I am cured of extravagance for life. Lindsay at least will be satisfied when he hears this, and will thereby shew his disinterestedness; for I do not think that my extravagance has affected him, either by lead-

ing him into shewing any excess of feeling or generosity—as far as concerns me at least:—for himself, to judge from the few words he has uttered on the subject, he has felt much.

“ I have not been to see Elizabeth. I am in no mood to hear her sarcasms ; and Charles Dalrymple’s folly would drive me mad. Besides, we have so lately accomplished an affectionate parting, it would be a pity to risk another. Raymond I did see yesterday. I could do no less than seek him out, and thank him for his offer of assisting me. In every way that was impossible ; but I do not feel his kindness the less. If Percival did not stand in the way, I should insist upon your helping me to shew my gratitude. Mine goes for very little in comparison.

“ By-the-bye, it is my turn to complain of *your* want of confidence. I do think that you might have had the grace to let me know that you followed my advice, and took the very first opportunity of breaking that poor fellow’s heart, by telling him of your engagement. In

sober truth I wish that he had known it sooner: for though he neither rants nor raves about his disappointment, he is wretchedly out of spirits;—and we all know, what some sing, that “still waters run deepest.” The very sound of your name seems painful to him. Between my gratitude, and my compassion, and the excessive comfort of his house, and the beauty of the horse in his cab at the door, I do believe that if I had been you, Percival would have been jilted upon the spot, and so have been left to follow his political vocation in peace. Raymond and his riches would have proved too attractive for me.

“Do not be angry, Ellen. I own that, as the world goes, Frederick is rather a superior article; and when I saw him half-an-hour afterwards, he talked so eloquently about his poverty, and his regrets for your sake, I resumed my allegiance to him, and, though the words almost stuck in my throat, said, to comfort him, that after all riches had little to do with happiness: a sentiment, of which, owing

to the precocity of my intellect, I detected the fallacy, even when I had to write it in my copy book.

“ And now, farewell, and God bless you, my dearest Ellen. In two days I shall rejoin my regiment;—so direct to me at Liverpool. Mention if our polished uncle is as pleasant as ever, and how often in the day Margaret confounds you by the force of her intellect. Tell my father that I am looking forward to paying him a visit in September or October, and am glad to hear such good accounts of the game. I expect that Lindsay will come home, when he hears there is a prospect of my running loose about the best covers, and he not there to hold the leading-strings. If I promise to be very careful, will Madame Renardin let you come with me to carry the spoils? Embrace her for me, and tell her my constancy to her remains unshaken. I have seen nobody half so pretty since we parted.

“ Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

“ E. GLANVILLE.”

Ellen read this message to her old governess, who laughed with delight. “Ah, qu’il est drôle! ce cher Capitain Edouard,—dis lui, bien mon enfant, que je ne suis pas une ingrâte,—je me conserve toujours soigneusement pour lui. Ah! c’est qu’il est toujours bon, toujours aimable! le monde ne l’a pas gâté—ce cher Edouard!”

Madame Renardin paused, that Ellen might as usual enlarge upon Edward’s praises; but Ellen was silent, and her eyes were still fixed upon the letter. The old lady looked at her impatiently,—tears were falling upon the paper—she shook her head, and quickly pottered away. “L’amour a passé par là”—she again repeated; but this time it was not complacently. Her child’s gay spirits were gone.

“Not spoiled by the world?” Ellen repeated to herself with bitterness. “Yet he can trample upon the most sacred duties, and shun the voice which would recall him to his better self. Again there!—again with her!—Oh! Edward, Edward, you are changed indeed!”

And then she re-read what he said about Lord Raymond, and wondered how he could indulge in such levity upon such a subject. But that was very unjust of Ellen; the sort of injustice people fall into when they are dissatisfied with themselves, and some one unwittingly sports with their weak point. Edward could only think of her as loving and beloved by Frederick Percival; he could not guess that she would shrink with as sad a feeling from the sound of Lord Raymond's name, as he did from hers.

Happily Ellen could not long be unjust to Edward;—so she ended by blaming herself, and wondering how she could ever have blamed him.

There was still an unopened letter from Lady Elizabeth. It was foolish of Ellen to have neglected it so long; for it afforded her a great deal of amusement; it was so pre-eminently characteristic of the writer.

“ Brook Street, July 16, 18—.

“ I believe, my dear Ellen, that I ought to

have written to you before ; but London has been so excessively pleasant this last week, I have neglected all my duties more than I ought. I always do think that London is pleasanter at this time than at any other. Of course on my father's account you have no choice about leaving it ; but I am glad that no necessity exists for my being dragged away so soon. I can fancy all you have to do so well : those four-o'clock dinners which I hate—and those dreadful visits to my uncle and Margaret. Poor creature ! I wonder that she does not die. What is the use of her living ? And John Brown, and his mother, and his aunt, and his sister—are they still sitting round tapestry-frames, adding up their united ages ? They are evidently forgotten on the top of that hill ; for life rolls on round and round them, and never seems to touch them. How the sight of them used to bore me ! And the old clergyman's bow at first meeting ! Do not you wish somehow that he would leave off bowing ?

“ I am sorry to tell you that you will have

the Beaumonts and Harrisons upon you soon. I thought it right to go and pay them a visit of congratulation upon Kate's marriage, and nearly died of the ridicule of the scene. They were all dressed out and assembled for a water-party — *beau-père*, *futur*, and all ; — and of course a large detachment of Beaumonts. Mrs. Beaumont was mourning over poor Mrs. Harrison, who had to make parties of pleasure, when she must be full of grief at the thoughts of losing her favourite daughter ; — and poor Mrs. Harrison, looking fat and happy with all her might, positively refused to be moaned over, but was full of fun with the Butler clan ; to which fun Richard Harrison gave full effect, by subscribing his loud laugh as often as it was wanted. There were two or three very promising looking young gentlemen about — good, harmless little men, Mrs. Beaumont called them ; but they were all eclipsed by a thing the Harrisons term *Spry* — and worship. He dined there the day I did, and prattled treason, till he embroiled the Beaumont and Harrison

chiefs in a civil war. Eliza sided with him, and besides talking to all the 'harmless little men' at once, she seemed to be still fighting with Julia Harrison for a word or a smile from Spry.

"John Harrison, who is full of gratitude to Lindsay for employing him gratis, as his man of business, came up to me to hope, in the most obsequious manner, that the steam-boat carried him to his satisfaction. I imagine that will have depended more upon the winds and the waves than upon John Harrison.

"You probably know, that Edward has been in town. Though almost cured of being surprised at any thing he does, I own I was astonished that I should only hear of this through the Beaumonts. Mr. Dalrymple cannot even yet believe it. It is a pity that Edward does not learn to be a little more like other people. It certainly is a little affronting to you, who have always defended him through right and wrong, that he should have chosen to come to London, the very week you left it;

and there is something in this mysterious journey which makes me fear he is not going on very well. Mrs. Howard and Harriet Rivers met him by chance somewhere or other, and are as much puzzled about him as we can be.

“I see a great deal of the Howards. You never knew any thing like their attention to me. They certainly are very delightful people. I do not think Mr. Howard so dull as you do. He insists upon my making use of his britchka for the next month, because, he says, the springs make it smoother than mine. I could not help telling Harriet Rivers of our former suspicions about Edward, and she was excessively amused. She says I do amuse her more than any body. I am growing very sanguine about her and Lord Raymond. He is constantly here, and is quite changed from the day we met him at Norland—very much more lively. I really think him almost pleasant now; and he evidently admires Miss Rivers; but as I doubt his being a marrying man, it will probably come to nothing. He must be a cold

man too ; for though he must necessarily have been a great deal with you and my father, he has hardly ever mentioned you since you went.

“ Frederick is immersed in politics as usual. I think him a failure in society ; but as every body says so, I suppose he is clever. And now I have told you all I know, likely to interest you.

“ I should not wonder if Mr. Dalrymple were to run down to Mordaunt Castle for a week or ten days, during my recovery from my confinement.

“ Ever your affectionate sister,

“ E. DALRYMPLE.”

To this letter Mr. Dalrymple had added a postscript.

“ May I venture to entreat you, my dear Ellen, 'to keep the intelligence of Edward's journey as quiet as possible. So strange a neglect of his family cannot but be prejudicial to him in the judgment of the world. I was struck by the effect it had on my mother.

When you send your letters to Lady Elizabeth under cover to me, will you remember not to omit the customary M. P. after C. Dalrymple, Esq."

Perhaps Ellen might not have used the exact words if she had been asked what she thought of this letter;—but the only strong impression it left upon her mind was, that in catching Harriet Rivers, Lady Elizabeth had caught a Tartar.

CHAPTER IX.

Edward from that time
Felt in full force the censure and the crime.
Despised, ashamed ; his noble views before,
And his proud thoughts, degraded him the more.
Should he repent—would this conceal his shame ?
Could peace be his ? It perished with his fame.
Himself he scorned, nor could his crime forgive,
He feared to die, yet felt ashamed to live.

CRABBE.

LORD MORDAUNT and Ellen had been settled in the country about a month. It was near the middle of August ; but parliament was still sitting. Much precious time had as usual been wasted in useless and vexatious debates, and now the necessary business had to be hurried through. The eager, devoted patriots of the early part of the session, had left things

to take their course, and were gone to shoot grouse. Some were obliged by their constituents, and some by their offices, to remain; some who loved the very flag-stones and brick walls of London, gloried in the late session, which afforded them the pleasures of society at a much later period than they had dared to hope. Some fond wives talked of their wish to be in the country, without any danger of being hurried off there; for how could they leave their husbands? and, as they said, it was all very well for the said husbands, who had something to do, but it really was too hard upon themselves to be pent up in that stifling place. They were fortunate victims;—for there were others stifling as well as themselves. Some remained because they could not afford to move—and some because they could not settle their summer plans, and they were not altogether sorry that summer should give into their views, and by slipping away, spare them the necessity of making any.

Lord Raymond was one who still remained;

and Lady Elizabeth only spoke the truth when she said that she saw a great deal of him. If any confirmation had been required of his love for Ellen, this fact would have proved its existence;—for he could not seek the society of the Dalrymples for its own sake ; and there never were people who had less to say to each other than he and Miss Rivers.

Ellen and Lord Mordaunt were alone. She was glad of a complete rest from society, and her father never wished for any but hers. From breakfast to dinner, however, he saw but little of her : she had her schools, and her poor people, and her garden to attend to, and the old clergyman to consult upon many an act of benevolence.

One morning, while on an errand of this kind, as she passed the lodge where Susan lived, the poor widow, “ whose son had got into trouble,” (the charitable expression used among the lower classes to express guilt which punishment has overtaken), she heard the sound of a woman’s voice exerted to a pitch of fury :—a

thrilling sound—for on earth there is nothing so violent as a violent woman—and the effect of her violence is increased, because softness is the quality which we consider most natural to her.

“ Yes,” was the first word that struck on Ellen’s ear, “ well may you shame to shew your haggard face—aye ! spread your hands before your eyes to shut in the scalding tears which may serve to blind them. Because you are the mother of a thief and a felon, have you no other way of passing your blighted days, than by going about to blacken the name of your betters ? The hulks have cheated the hangman of his rights ;—but it’s my belief, if my husband had spoken out, the gallows would have had its own. May the foul tongue be blistered which said that he it was who led astray your graceless ne’er-do-well, whom he had neither art nor part with. Whose pocket was the gentleman’s purse found in ? answer me that. Come, dame, come, look me in the face, if you dare—and repeat the vile

slanders, you drivelled out behind my back :”—and the virago strided up to her, and shook her fist in her face. Susan drew back, and a crash was heard.

“ Oh ! my boy !—it was his,” and the mother wept as she carefully picked up fragments of the bright orange coat and sky-blue waistcoat with which a coarse china image of Nelson was adorned. “ Why did I cross his young will when he wanted to go to sea ? I feared to trust him to God’s element, where I could have prayed to God to guard him—and now, man, that will hear no prayer, sends him there,—and I could find in my heart to wish that the salt waters might cover him.”

“ Aye, better be drowned than hanged—and hanged he will be at last ; and you will be pointed at as the gallows’ bird’s mother—you will be pointed at so,”—and the woman thrust out her finger at her, and laughed the laugh of a fiend.

No sound was heard in answer but the widow’s sobs, and Ellen entered the cottage.

“What does all this mean?” she said, as she placed herself between Susan and her antagonist. “Mrs. Marlowe, what brings you here, to speak in language which any woman ought to be ashamed to use; and to address it to a broken-hearted mother, whom as a christian you should wish to comfort.”

“Comfort her, indeed!” Mrs. Marlowe screamed—her dark eyes flashing fire—“she has blackened the good name of me and my husband. What did she say of us and our house? Let her answer that—the mean pitiful liar.”

“Hush! this is language I will not suffer. Mrs. Marlowe, I insist upon your refraining from farther insult. Tell me, Susan, what cause have you given her to complain of you?”

“Aye, speak up—answer my lady that.”

Twice Susan tried to obey, but hysterical sobs prevented her, and she again buried her face in her arms, which rested on a small deal table before her.

“Take time, Susan,” Ellen said in a softened tone, as she motioned to silence Mrs. Marlowe,

whose fury was again bursting out. She could still give it vent by trampling upon the few fragments of the image that remained upon the floor.

Soon Susan raised her head. "Yes, I can speak now—I can speak now that you are near, my blessed lady; for that soft voice will never crush the stricken spirit; and you know what my Owen was. A son he was to be proud of, and a proud mother was I. He was a clever likely boy with his work, and free of heart and hand to do a good turn to a neighbour; and all his earnings were brought home to me:—and then when my Lord took him, as an under-keeper, and he walked about all day with Mr. Edward, I had but one wish, and that was that his father might have been spared to see him. And now, Mrs. Marlowe, you will rave at me, but, sure as I sit here, a lone miserable woman, that which I am going to speak, is truth. It was at your beer-shop he first fell in with evil company, and took to evil ways, and to scoff at Him whose hand has fallen

heavy on us both. Night after night would your husband entice him there—though, when I saw the boy's nature change, I begged him on my bended knees to spare him to me. And twice, when poor Owen saw that grief was choking me, and sate him down to pass an evening in the home which was cheerless without him—your husband, and men with dark bad looks, came and jeered him—and dragged him from me; for he was of a free spirit, and could not be kept back from going where pleasure was promised him, though he had no natural turn for such as they. Mayhap your husband may not have known what these bad men were, and only thought of Owen's song and laugh, and drawing others to his house; but it was there, and with them he found his ruin; and my boy's laugh will never be heard again."

"It's lies you are telling, and may they choke you! My husband took no heed of the young thief. Had we 'peached and told all that was said before us, his career would have been cut the shorter—and this is your gratitude!

With your croaking lies, you have brought the justice upon us, and given our house a bad name. Deny it if you dare. But you shall suffer for it. Yes, deny it if you dare. We will have our revenge yet. You are a mean dastardly liar—take that—and if *she* was not here, I would make you feel the force of this—” and she struck her fist with such violence on the table, that Ellen started and looked almost terrified.

Never was a more appalling picture of savage fury than that woman—her livid lips quivering—her fierce eyes starting from their sockets—two crimson spots burning on her sallow cheeks—her ragged cap half pushed off—and the straight locks of her coarse black hair hanging about her face.

It was impossible to look at her, and then at Ellen, and the meek drooping widow, and not shudder at the transformation which evil passions could effect.

On her uttering the last threat, Ellen firmly declared, that if she spoke one more insolent

word in her presence, Lord Mordaunt should hear of her behaviour, and would not suffer her husband to remain as his tenant;—"and remember, Mrs. Marlowe," she said, "that if ever again you enter here for purposes of insult, I shall myself intreat my father to give you warning to leave his estate. Now, not another word, but go at once to your own home."

The woman obeyed, and slammed the door of the cottage after her, with a force that made it shake.

"I only spoke the truth, my lady, I only spoke the truth. It was at their house that he first met his ruin. They led him on to game and drink, till all he had was sold and pawned. Not a penny of mine would he ever take;—but they won from him even the gun which he could not honestly call his own. Then he went mad from shame, and fled to London with that gang, who did not stop at any wickedness. But, my lady, though they swore it was Owen—it was another who knocked down the gentle-

man, and took the purse which was flung to him—and now he is to be sent across the sea for life. But he says he deserves that and worse.”

“You have seen him, then,” said Ellen, “since —” and she stopped, hardly knowing how to express what she wished to ask. But the class to which Susan belonged has too much to do with hard realities to feel any delicacy as to mere words.

“Since he was found guilty? No, my lady, no — it would have killed us both. What with trouble and long confinement, his young strength is gone—the punishment falls heavy on him; for while he was in my lord’s service, he lived more like a gentleman than a poor man’s son; and I had foolish pride in that; for I saw what gentle manners were, when I lived with your sainted mother, who is taken to the rest which I am wearying for. Now he is on board the ship which is to carry him away for ever. I heard that much from

him in this, which some one was kind enough to send me."

And the tears again rolled down her cheeks, while she held out to Ellen a letter, which seemed to have been read till it was almost worn out. It was simply to bid her farewell—to assure her that though the purse was found upon him, he had never committed an act of violence—and to beg her not to grieve at his sentence: "for," he went on to say, "had they let me off, dearest mother, I could never have returned to you, nor have held up my head again among the honest and the good. You gave me education and religion, and I ought to have done better; but bad company, and my own wild nature, have been my ruin. Yet, mother, it will be a comfort to you to know, that in prison, where there was nothing but wickedness about me, better thoughts came back—and I prayed again as I have never prayed since I was a child, and knelt at my father's knee—and you must pray for me that God will give me grace and time to repent—

for I feel ill and sinking, mind and body, and do not think I shall ever live to reach the place they are sending me to—and it will be better for you to think of me dead, than living on to disgrace you. Dear, dear mother—it is hard to think that we shall meet no more—but I do not fear that my Lord, and Lady Ellen, will suffer you to want, when he who ought to have been the support of your old age is gone. Captain Glanville has been very kind to me, and attended at my trial to speak to my former character, and came twice to the prison to see me. My dear young master—may God bless him! You will see him, mother, when the shooting season begins—and then tell him that I was bold enough to desire that you would give him my grateful thanks and duty. I hope the game will be plenty for him. He had better try the north plantations first.

“Farewell, dearest mother—forgive me—pray for me. I had rather that you did not try to see me—your last thoughts must not be of me in this felon’s dress.”

“ Poor Owen! and you will let him sail then without seeing him?” Ellen asked, as she returned the letter.

“ My lady, a neighbour did go to see him—and he said that my son looked more like a spectre than a living man. He was leaning against the side of the ship, in the prison dress, and his prison allowance of food beside him—black bread which once he would hardly have flung to his dogs; and when he heard his name called, and turned round and saw a friend—he, who was the strongest young man in the parish, sank down upon the deck from weakness, and cried like a child. Farmer Rycott said that his legs shook under him, and he could hardly bear the sight. No, my lady, I will not see him so.”

The mother was, in appearance, less affected in telling this than Ellen was in hearing it. He had been her thought by night and by day, and the grief had grown familiar to her.

“ I well send his message to my brother,”

Ellen said. "Owen was a great favourite of his, and he has been sincerely grieved for him. He will grieve too to hear that he is so ill. But you, Susan, will find comfort in thinking that he has been recalled, by these dark hours of suffering, to the service of that God whom you first taught him to know."

"It is comfort, my lady; I shall not live long after him; and I may humbly hope to meet my boy in heaven. His is a short life to be worn out already. He was but twenty yesterday. And Mr. Edward grieves for him!—May Heaven bless him for that! You hardly remember, my lady, when I lived up at the house; but he was a fine handsome boy then,—always in some mischief to be sure—very unlike his brother the young lord—but you will excuse me for saying that we all loved him better. His poor mother doated on him to be sure. You were just three years old, my lady, when she died. But I was speaking of Mr. Edward. It was a bold thought for such as me to have—but when my boy got to the age

Mr. Edward was then, I could not but think that there was something in their natures alike; for though their heads sometimes led them wrong, their hearts were always in the right place. But Owen was sadly tempted, and he fell, as the rich and great can never fall. What are temptations to such as he, are none to such as them—and your heart will never have to ache for those you love, as mine does for Owen.”

“All have their temptations,” Ellen said. It was a trite saying for her to utter; but she seemed puzzled how to go on.

“Yes, my lady, but with you they do not lead to such disgrace as they do with us.”

“But they may lead to misery,” Ellen answered; “and remorse may give us as bitter feelings as those of poor Owen.”

Susan shook her head. She could fancy no misery like her own and Owen’s.

From that day Ellen’s visits to her were very frequent, there seemed to be some sympathy between them.

Ellen had almost reached home, when a rough voice from behind made her start.

“ I am going to do the right thing, and pay my brother a visit, Ellen. Not but what I think visits humbug—I have other things to employ me. But, my brother, who is almost nailed to his chair, and grows old and fidgetty, would think himself neglected if I did not come. Great men like him spoil themselves, and are spoiled by others, till they look upon all other men as so many machines to do the very thing they want at the very hour they expect : so here I am to humour him.”

The idea of Mr. Bolland humouring any body was too ludicrous, and extracted a genuine smile from Ellen, as she told him that her father was at home and would be glad to see him.

“ And Margaret will be here presently, to visit you. Shut up as you have been for the last month with a parcel of old people whose united ages, masters and servants, would make a thousand, you must want somebody of your

own age to speak to. Our friend, the young officer, seems to have forsaken the paternal mansion."

"Edward comes to us in two months. I had a letter from him yesterday, and ought to have told you, uncle, that he inquired after you," said Ellen, thinking it politic to forget at the moment in what terms the inquiry was made.

"So he comes in September to shoot partridges, does he? and then we shall have a fuss and a talk about his affection for his family. Well, my brother is arrived at an age when experience takes the turn of credulity. I do not blame Edward for coming to shew his natural affection, while Lindsay is out of the way: he seems to hold the younger brother's reins pretty tightly."

"I have been to see poor Susan at the lodge, uncle," Ellen said, wishing to change the conversation.

"Poor! why do you call her poor? Because she has had such a cheap riddance of her scape-grace son,—and finds he is to be sent

across the sea for her? It is the best place for disobedient sons—I speak now from my experience,” Mr. Bolland said doggedly—for he had some idea that he was blamed as a harsh father.

It was impossible to answer him, for no one could deny that he had such experience upon that point as but few fathers would choose to acquire.

“And how does the great man come on in his progress through Europe?” was his next question. “Do they pay him due honours? and is the loving consort allowed a due share of them? The most acceptable method the reigning powers could pitch upon of paying their court, would be to let him travel through their dominions gratis—for I suspect that our elder nephew loves to save his patrimony.”

“The Lindsays were settled at Naples, when I last heard from them. But what is this?” said Ellen, as the sound of carriage-wheels were heard approaching with extraordinary velocity.

In two minutes a stranger, in a common hack chaise, dashed past. They were yet a quarter of a mile from the house, and almost before there was time to speak, the chaise was out of sight. Ellen turned very pale.

“What can that mean? it must be an express—he seems in such dreadful haste—and if there is any bad news, papa is in the house alone.”

“Bad news, girl!” exclaimed Bolland—
“what bad news should there be?”

But as he said so, even he looked startled, and drawing his niece’s arm through his, quickened his pace.

Neither spoke again till the house was reached. The empty chaise was at the door, and two or three servants were in the hall, looking very perplexed and wound up for an event.

“Where is my father? what has happened?” Ellen asked breathlessly.

“I do not know, my lady,” said her own servant, stepping forward,—“the messenger is

with my lord—but I believe there is bad news of Captain Glanville.”

“ Oh ! I felt sure it was him,” Ellen said, catching at the door for support ; and she stood for a moment like one bewildered. The next she sprang forward and entered the library. In a few moments more an open letter was lying at her feet, and she was sobbing on her father’s breast.

CHAPTER X.

And when pain
And fevers hot came thronging round his brain,
Her shape and voice fell like a balm upon
His sad and dark imagination.
A gentle minister was she.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Now must they meet with change of cheer,
With mutual looks of shame and fear ;
Now must Matilda stray apart,
To school her disobedient heart ;
And Redmond now alone must rue
The love he never can subdue.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE messenger was Mr. Howard's servant. His master, he said, had gone down alone ten days before, upon business, to Howard Lodge, and went over to Liverpool to see Mr. Glanville. He found him confined to his room with a feverish cold, and thought him so seriously unwell, that he insisted on his returning with him

to Howard Lodge, where he could be more comfortable than in his present noisy quarters. For the first day or two Mr. Glanville seemed to be the better for the change; but then his fever returned with greater violence, and Mr. Howard sent over to Liverpool for Dr. L——, who looked grave upon the case, and said it had been neglected too long. Mr. Howard had even then pressed Edward to let him write to his family; but he peremptorily refused:—“he knew that he should be better soon—it would be ridiculous to give his father and Ellen such unnecessary alarm.”

Mr. Howard then consulted Dr. L——, as to what had best be done. He said there was no positive danger then, but there was *danger* of danger,—as the violence of the fever seemed rather to increase than diminish.

Two more sleepless suffering nights were passed, and then deliriums came on, and Dr. L—— had himself requested that another physician might be called in. Mr. Howard said in his letter, that neither considered the case

hopeless, but he could not feel justified in concealing, that within the last few hours the danger had increased ; and he owned that it would be a relief to himself to have some one of Edward's family with him.—“ He often fancies, poor fellow ! that Lady Ellen is near.”

“ You will do no good by crying, girl,” Mr. Bolland said, in a tone which was softened to something like the growl of a bear. “ It is always better to act than cry. Whatever you settle to do had better be done quickly. You will go of course ; but I doubt whether my brother will be able to travel two hundred miles in a hurry. His riches may do much ; but they will not make him younger, nor the road shorter.”

“ I will go,” Lord Mordaunt said ; “ my Edward shall not die without his father's blessing. Oh ! why should this old and withered frame be spared, and the young and strong be laid low ? But the will of Heaven be done ! Ellen, my poor child, be calm. See, love, there is hope”—and he stooped to pick up the letter,

but his hand shaking with agitation, he again dropped it, and sighed heavily. "My brother is right—I am too old to do any thing but feel."

Ellen covered his furrowed cheeks with tears and kisses.

"You must not go indeed, papa. You are well now, but such a hurried journey would make you ill;—and when poor Edward grows better—for he will be better—God will spare him to our prayers. Think how grieved he would be to find that you had gone through such sad fatigue for him. And I could not bear to fear for you too. Our good friend Madame Renardin and I can be ready in an hour to set off. Papa, you will stay, will not you? You will be better here,"—and she sank down at his feet, and rested her head upon his knees, while he bent over her, and the old man's tears fell down like rain.

"Are you all playing at the game of silence, that none of you ask me how I do?" said Margaret, who had entered the room unperceived.

“ And there is my uncle crying ! You are old children to play at such a game.”

“ True, my girl, you may well think that we are all in our second childhood, crying here when some one ought to be upon the road. Ellen, sitting there will do no good,” Mr. Bolland continued, roughly addressing his niece—for his jealous nature was roused, as he witnessed the affection the father and daughter displayed for each other—“ sitting there will not get you and the old French lady ready ;—and if Edward should get back his senses, and find none of his family near him, he might think himself neglected ; and a bad thing it is for a man to feel neglected by those that nature inclines him to look to.”

As he said this, an expression of genuine feeling flitted for a moment across his harsh countenance.

“ What are you staring at, Margaret ?” he continued. “ She is crying about her brother. Your cousin Edward is ill.”

“ *My* brother is dead, and we did not cry,”

said Margaret ; and she glanced at her father from under her heavy brow, and laughed.

“ My uncle is right,” said Ellen, rising, and making a strong effort to speak calmly. “ There is a great deal to be done, and I am doing nothing. Have horses been sent for ? How soon can I be there ? We shall travel all night, of course ; we cannot be very long. You will hear from Mr. Howard to-morrow, papa, —and the next day I shall be there to write to you.”

Once roused into activity, she exerted herself to a degree that was surprising ; but she did not trust herself to name Edward’s name ; and when all the necessary directions were given, she clasped her father’s hand in hers, and sate down by him in silence. It must have been a great relief to her when Mr. Bolland and his daughter walked away ; for it was really frightful to see them handle such a sacred thing as sorrow.

It was late in the afternoon before the carriage was heard coming round to the door.

Ellen would be well attended on the road, for Mr. Howard's servant was to go back with her, as well as her own; and in twenty-four hours she expected to reach Howard Lodge.

"Ah ! mon enfant, ma pauvre enfant !" said Madame Renardin, looking mournfully at Ellen, and shaking her head, as she bustled through the hall.

There was something too genuine in the melancholy expression of her countenance to allow of ridicule; but an uninterested spectator could scarcely have repressed a smile at the old lady's appointments. In judicious consideration of all the circumstances of the case, she came forth in a complete "*toilette de nuit*;" but with a commendable deference to her appearance in the eyes of the waiters, her French hat was placed over her night-cap, the broad borders of which flapped over her face; and a green silk *douillette* flying open, discovered a short white calico dressing-gown, and a quilted petticoat of the same material. Upon her feet were a pair of flaming cross-stitch slippers, samples of Ellen's

early genius for the use of the needle. Thus equipped, in the height of summer, she was ready to travel over the globe in the service of her two favourites.

To Ellen all that was passing seemed like some mental delusion. During the single moment that she leaned against the door, after hearing that there was bad news of Edward, there had been time for thoughts of horror to rush upon her. Mr. Howard—an elopement—a duel—Edward wounded—killed! who has not had occasion to feel when “the signs of trouble are abroad,” how strange and rapid can be the surmises of the brain?

They travelled on with speed. The sun had set—the long hours of darkness were passing—passed—and now again the sun was rising in brightness and glory,—and pouring its flood of light upon scenes which were new to Ellen. But light and darkness, and change of scene, were alike unheeded by her. Her aged companion slept by her side, and she communed with her own thoughts “in silence and was

still." Sometimes, from sudden impulse, her hands were clasped in prayer;—and then, again and again, a cold feeling struck to her heart, that even then life was parting from him; and she would grow restless, and with difficulty could repress a scream of agony. And then it all seemed impossible—it was a dream—a mad wild dream—that she should be going to Mr. Howard's to find Edward helplessly cast upon his kindness and hospitality. And *she*—the wife—how would she bear to hear from *her* husband of *his* danger?—would she brave all and come? Could she in such circumstances dare to meet her good, confiding husband; if, indeed, he were still confiding: for he had written of Edward's delirium, and what words might he not have spoken!—oh! that she were there to take her station by him!—And then she leaned forward, and fancied they were advancing slowly;—though the labourers going to their work stopped to gaze at the speed of the foaming horses.

No unforeseen interruption to their progress

had occurred, and earlier on the second day than Ellen had dared hope, she found herself within one stage of Howard Lodge. For the last time her shattered nerves had been jarred and irritated, and Madame Renardin's slumbers disturbed, by the carriage dashing up to the inn-door, and by waiters and chamber-maids rushing forwards to make all the noise, and ask all the useless questions, to which the four horses and the coronet could possibly lay claim. For the last time, she had uttered her impatient answer—"No, nothing, nothing, only to get on"—when Mr. Howard's servant came to the door, looking very much perplexed.

"I was afraid how it would be, my lady; the races are going on—and they say, that they can let us have no horses no how."

"We are very sorry that it should happen so, my lady—if we had had the least notice that your ladyship would want them, we would have kept some back; but our last four are taking Dr. — to Squire Howard's;—he was sent

for in a hurry to a gentleman who is dying there.”

“Dying! oh, my God!—I must get on—there must be some way—there must——”

A man in a broad-brimmed hat, with a very red face, and fat, comfortable looking features, who had come forth at the sound of an arrival, in the hope of an event, now stood with a wine-glass in one hand, and a napkin in the other, staring at Lady Ellen with a pertinacity which, though quite lost upon her, had fairly roused Madame Renardin’s wrath.

“What is it the lady wants?” he said, advancing to the carriage.

“Mi lédi, c’est un impertinent;—mon Dieu! qu’ils sont impolis ces anglais!—il faut avoir l’air de ne pas l’entendre”—and waving him off with great dignity, she was hastily drawing up the glass, when he quietly put her back with the hand which held the napkin—and indulging in a good-humoured smile at her appearance, he leant across her to speak to Lady

Ellen, and once more asked what it was she wanted.

“To get on—only to get on—he is dying,”—she could say no more, and these few words were followed by a burst of agitation which went to the heart of the coarse, vulgar-looking being who addressed her; for such beings have hearts, and feeling ones too—which is very provoking; and some who are all gentleness and refinement have none—which is more provoking still.

“He! who? Now, I wonder who?” and he turned round to the waiters for information, but they had none to give.

“Well, be he who he may, mine is no case of life and death—I have been on a bit of business, and only took a chaise, because all the coaches were full. I have been eating and drinking for an hour, that the horses which brought me here might rest, and in ten minutes they will be ready to go on, and I can eat and drink for another hour, and take my chance of better luck with the next coach—so you are

very welcome to my horses, my lady. That was what I wanted to say."

"Mais c'est un ange, ce gros Monsieur!" said Madame Renardin in an ecstasy of gratitude.

"Well, poor thing!" said the fat angel, "how she does take on to be sure! She will never be better till she is with him. I wonder who he is—husband or brother, or what? I will run and hurry the horses a bit,—and, in the mean time, if she and the old foreign lady will alight, they will be better out of the way of all these people;" and pushing the servant aside, he opened the door, and let down the steps himself. Ellen passively accepted the arm he offered her, and she remained passively upon the horse-hair sofa where he had seated her, till he came to say that the carriage was ready for her to proceed. From the moment that the words, "a gentleman who is dying," fell upon her ear—all strength seemed to have passed from her. But though she never even heard the name of her active friend—nor ever

again travelled that road in after years—the mere sight of a stout red-faced gentleman in a broad brimmed hat would always give her a grateful feeling, and a horse-hair sofa in a noisy inn, a cold despairing shudder:—so strong is the force of association.

The ten miles which they had yet to travel seemed to her almost interminable, and it was dark before they arrived. The impatient peal of the house-bell was instantly answered.

“He is a shade better within the last few hours,” were the first words she heard uttered, in a voice, which in her confusion she fancied Mr. Howard’s, but it was Lord Raymond, who supported her to the drawing-room—who continued to speak of hope—who told her all she wished, but had no power to ask.

“They said he was dying,” she repeated again and again. It seemed as if she had only power to echo the words which sounded so fearfully to her; and again and again he re-assured her. Edward was fearfully weak, but there was yet hope—more hope than had existed a

few hours before. He was quiet now, and Mr. Howard was in his room: it would be much better if Lady Ellen would consent not to see him that evening—repose must be so necessary to her, after such a hurried journey—should the least change for the worse take place, she should be instantly called, and there was an excellent nurse to sit up with him.

“I cannot rest till I have seen him,” was Ellen’s first impatient answer; but her temples throbbed, and she was in truth so exhausted, that she ended by giving way to his persuasions.

Lord Raymond really dreaded her first sight of Edward; for though he was now apparently free from suffering, and the raging burning pain in his head was stilled, the violence of the fever had made fearful ravages, and he was lying there unconscious of all that was passing round him, while the few weak words he uttered shewed that his mind was still wandering.

It is an appalling thing even to the most in-

different, to look upon the victim of that fell disease, which in a few hours makes the strong man weak, and the powerful mind a wreck ;—to witness the pangs of thirst which cannot be slaked—vainly to try and cool the burning brow, and quiet the restless frame. But how do those feel who thus behold “ the dust they doat on ? ” None can tell but those who have *felt*—none can say how hard is the task of submission, but those who have striven—when, feeling they are powerless, they have turned to Him who is all-powerful, and cast themselves upon his mercy “ with deep abandonment of earthly love.”

Lord Raymond thought that his presence there must require explanation ; and in a few words he informed Ellen, that having heard from Mrs. Howard of Edward’s severe illness, and his determination not to let any of his own family be sent for, he, an idle man, with nothing to keep him in one place more than another, had at once determined to proceed to Howard Lodge. He thought that if Edward should

grow worse, and she be unable to leave her father, and come to him, it might be satisfactory that he who was now such a near connection should be there. It was not till he arrived, that he found Mr. Howard had sent to summon her.

Ellen felt his kindness more than she had voice to say ; but his explanation was unnecessary ; she had not been collected enough to feel surprised at finding him there ; it had seemed so natural to her, in this her hour of trial, to be consoled and supported by a friend ;—and to him, even at such a time, it was bliss to be near her—to gaze again upon her beauty though it was dimmed with grief—to listen to the faltering tones of her soft voice. In short, Lord Raymond was a man—so he was selfish ; but he was superior to the common run of men—so he was not wholly selfish. Edward was his friend, and if Ellen had never existed, he would have been with him then ;—but his friend was doubly dear to him as Ellen's brother, and the source of interest common to them both ; for,

since Ellen had quitted London, life had been a blank to him.

In the mean time, Madame Renardin, fresh from her long slumbers, had doffed her *douillette*, and was bustling about the house, making herself quite at home. The nurse had baffled her in an attempt to see Edward; he seemed inclined to settle quietly, she said, and a fresh person coming in might disturb him. It was something to be able to tell Ellen that—and how very good Mr. Howard seemed to be—hardly ever out of his room, the servants said—and sparing neither trouble nor expense:—“*en fin c'est un bon chrétien, comme il y en a peu.*” And now she had got a nice little cup of hot coffee, which her poor child must swallow—and she would shew her the way to a charming apartment, and she must go to sleep—and then she would wake in the morning to find every body happier—and to thank Mr. Howard for his great kindness.

Ellen did feel truly thankful to him at that moment; and more particularly thankful for his

consideration in keeping out of her way. Worn out with the exertions of the last twenty-four hours, she stretched herself upon the sofa, and sank into a heavy sleep; but in a few hours the sound of a closing door awoke her with a start. "He is dying," were the words that had haunted her in her dreams, and she still seemed to hear them through the silence of the night.

She could not rest again; and long before morning dawned, she had taken the nurse's place by Edward's bed-side, and was seated with his burning hand clasped in hers.

Day followed day, and still Ellen was sitting there, "her patient watch to keep." But though the anxiety of her mind gave her strength of body, there were hours when her spirit died within her; for the struggle between life and death was long, and Edward was still unconscious of her presence. Hours there were of hopelessness, when she would gaze upon him till she fancied she could see his life-strength ebb away, "and the silver cord loosen;"

and she felt as if her heart were not made to bear such agony. She was calm then—there were no words—no tears—her sufferings were between Heaven and herself.

At last that blessed moment came when there were signs of amendment, for hope to feed upon; and Ellen knelt beside the bed and breathed her prayer of thankfulness; for the heavy moanings of fever were hushed—the fixed unnatural expression of Edward's features was passed away—and he seemed to have sunk into a calm and quiet sleep. It was no longer with the sickening feel that his presence would bring no comfort, that she now listened for the approach of Dr. L—— and his creaking boots. He was particularly addicted to creaking boots, as most medical men are. They seem to consider that the same charm which keeps them from infection, prevents their patient from being disturbed by the noisiness of their approach. Ellen stood there while he bent over Edward, and cautiously felt his pulse, and put down his ear to listen to his breathings.

“ He is better—I am sure that he is better,” she kept softly repeating; but with his characteristic slowness and caution, the doctor did not return the cheering answer she was panting for.

“ Il se porte mieux, beaucoup mieux—n’est-ce pas monsieur ?” Madame Renardin said, impatiently attacking him on the other side. But she might as well have spoken to a statue or a mummy; for not one word of answer could she get. He deliberately replaced his watch in his pocket; sat down to the table to write his prescription; then again walked to the bed-side, and took another survey of his patient. The result of this last contemplation was a nod of self-congratulation — “ Good, natural sleep — I think I may venture to say that we are out of the wood now. You will follow my written directions if you please. Good morning, Lady Ellen.”

The fact was, that Dr. L—— was in the habit of considering women in a sick-room as mere nursing-machines, better calculated for

the purpose than men, and therefore valuable ; but he had no time to attend to their feelings, and was as guiltless of knowing they had any, as is the surgeon, when engaged in a difficult operation, of hearing the shrieks of his victim. The few words he had uttered, however, were enough for Ellen. For five days and nights she had scarcely stirred from Edward's room, and had not felt fatigue ; but the revulsion of happiness was more than she could bear ; a feeling of faintness came over her, and beckoning to Madame Renardin to take her place, she mustered all her strength to reach the next room, and there sank upon the nearest chair, panting for breath.

“ Give her air,” said Dr. L——, who was there in earnest conversation with Lord Raymond ; “ she is overdone with sitting up ; somebody else must take her place to-night. Send her to bed early, and give her plenty of camphor julep. Good morning, my lord, we are decidedly out of the wood. What ! a little hysterical I see. Throw open the other window,

Lord Raymond ; we must get her round and fit for duty again ; for Captain Glanville will require great care yet, and she is one of our best nurses. The old French body is better than nothing to be sure ; but we cannot spare Lady Ellen. There—there—she will do now—good morning to you both—I will write myself as usual to Lord Mordaunt, and shall have great pleasure in telling him we are out of the wood.”

It was all very well for this to be said of Edward ; but Lord Raymond was not out of *his* wood ; on the contrary, he was every moment getting deeper and deeper into it. He had loved Ellen when he first saw her in the crowded London world, where it is very difficult to love anybody. He had loved her when he saw her in her father's house, “of daily life the kindly active cheerer.” But never had he loved as now, when he looked upon her pale cheek, and her quivering lips, and her long pencilled lashes wet with tears ;—never had he wished so fervently, that he had the right to

pour out to her the fulness of his heart—never had he felt so strongly, how great must be *his* happiness who had a claim to the best affections of that soft and loving nature;—and he took the opportunity of settling that of such happiness Frederick Percival was totally unworthy. Why was he not there at such a time? What right had he, who was devoted heart and soul to politics, to pretend to the quiet joys of domestic life? It was really inconceivable that a man who might pass his time with such a creature as Ellen, should waste it in forming and carrying into execution schemes for the public good. As if the public were not certain to take more than enough thought for its own good! It was not for him to ride off upon the sentiment,

“I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more;”—

for these were times when there seemed to be no such thing left as political honor. Frederick Percival had seen enough of the game to be aware of that.

These were the outrageous sentiments of a man in love. Lord Raymond ought to have known better than to dream of such, and it was stupid of him to stand there, staring at Lady Ellen and saying nothing. It suddenly struck him that she must be thinking so—but he was mistaken again. Ellen was at that moment guiltless of thinking anything about him. It was not till he spoke, to ask if the air revived her, that she was aware he was near.

During the long protracted crisis of Edward's fate, Ellen had felt unequal to see either him or Mr. Howard, and she greeted him now with the warmth and frankness of a sister. The mind cannot be governed by two predominant ideas at once, any more than a country can bear two kings to reign over it; and Ellen had no thought for anything but Edward. She had actually forgotten that she was in the unpleasant predicament of preferring one man when she had promised to marry another; and that the man whom she preferred, and therefore according to the usual arrangements of this

cross-grained world, she ought to avoid as she would a mad dog, or any other dangerous animal, was an inmate of the same house,—the soother of her troubles—the witness of her most sacred emotions.

At length something of this kind did flash upon her, when, though his words were measured, the tone in which they were uttered gave them more than their due expression ; and she left him, saying that she must write a few lines to her father and Frederick Percival.

He looked at her almost reproachfully. “She might have spared me that”—was his first thought.—“She is an angel upon earth”—was his second : and to judge from the habitual turn of his mind, the second was not likely to prove as evanescent as the first.

CHAPTER XI.

“ What are the toils which men will not embrace
For patronage, or fame, or power, or place ?
Forced into contact with the things they hate,
Deafened with some dull proser’s ceaseless prate.
Perplexed with strange misgivings—self-deceived—
Believing now, what once they disbelieved,
Still with a dazzling object full in view,
Their thorny path, they patiently pursue.”

NEITHER Ellen nor Edward had been forgotten or neglected by Frederick Percival, or any other of their distant friends. But Frederick was now plunged deep into the luxuries of a politician’s life. Before the poorest chimney-sweeper rose from his bag of soot, and shook himself preparatory to the labours of the day, Frederick was up and writing in his room. Then came the semblance of comfort, in the

shape of his breakfast-tray, and a smoking coffee-pot; and with it came the productions of the post—letters from angry friends, and poor relations, and disappointed constituents;—pamphlets containing perfect theories for obtaining money without taxes, defending countries without armies, and upholding the church without clergymen;—newspapers carefully sent because they were full of virulence against himself,—where every term of vituperation was lavished upon him, for every measure he had carried, or abandoned, every vote he had given or withheld, throughout the session; and his youth was brought forward as the climax of his offences.

“That at least will mend,” he comforted himself by thinking, as he hastily swallowed the now cold coffee, that he might hurry down to his office. There were living friends, and relations, and constituents, and theorists awaiting him,—prolix, clamorous, unreasonable; and every moment of his time precious to him,—real business unattended to, which must be

done. He had thought their writing intolerable;—but now he begged them as a favour to have recourse to writing again.

Then for many hours he worked hard, and was a happy man if he found his systems work as well. The day was hot and stifling; so when the cool of the evening arrived he hastened down to the hot stifling House of Commons;—for he had notice that a motion was coming on, which, if carried, would destroy the principle of a bill at which he had laboured for months; and it was doubtful whether the adherents of government would be staunch in their support, and he must try and rouse their slumbering spirits. He spoke—and was cheered—and was left in a minority:—for his adherents, when the division took place, were gone to dinner;—and when the night was advanced, he went home, baffled, bored, jaded, weary—to try and obtain the few hours sleep that were absolutely necessary to enable him to follow the same routine on the morrow.

Yet with all this, Frederick Percival was

happier than if he were an idle man ; for he felt that he was doing something, and fancied that he was doing something real. And for this there are men who will sacrifice principle, reputation, domestic peace. The idol of such men is power ; but they never dream that

“ Who rule o’er freemen must themselves be *slaves*.”

The original reading is a fallacy.

Still every day brought Ellen a letter from Frederick, full of tenderness, and regrets that he could not be with her ; and in one he said what ought to have carried daggers to Lord Raymond’s heart :—“ Howard is a kind-hearted, hospitable creature ; but I doubt his being very efficient in a case of emergency. I rejoice that you have Raymond with you ;—for you may fairly consider him as a sort of brother.”

Every day too Frederick snatched a moment to go to Mrs. Howard’s, to hear what accounts Mr. Howard had sent. Though not much given to scandalous surmises, he could not but think that Mrs. Howard’s anxiety about Ed-

ward was very strongly expressed. She looked worried to death, and could hardly mention him without tears. Miss Rivers was anxious too; but she never allowed her feelings to get the better of her; and Frederick thought she betrayed a little annoyance at the display Mrs. Howard made of hers.

Poor Mrs. Howard ! hers was a difficult part to play ; so perhaps she did the wisest thing in playing none.

Eliza Beaumont was in a still more difficult position. The Spry set was in great vigour just then, and the pride and flower of the Spry family was as much distinguished for his social as for his public qualifications. As yet it was impossible to say whether herself or Julia Harrison was most distinguished by him; and at such a crisis for her to quit the field was impossible; so she went out with the others, because, as she said, she could not help it—nobody exactly knew why;—and she walked about the rooms at home very slowly, and with down-cast eyes, and Mrs. Beaumont, like a

good mother, said two or three times a day, exactly as was desired—"Poor Eliza seems very low."

"Only think how unfeeling, mamma," Eliza observed, in a languid tone. "There was that little Mrs. Howard driving about London to-day, just at the hour the whole world is about, and poor Captain Glanville actually dying in her house; and she and her odious niece always pretended to be so fond of him. I was quite disgusted when we met them. I am sure I was wretched to feel obliged to go out myself; but as it was so generally observed how very particular his manner was to me, it would have looked like declaring an attachment if I had staid at home."

"To be sure, my dear, you are quite right to go out always. I forget where it is I am to take you to-night—somewhere, though, where Mrs. Harrison said that she should be. I hope she will be there; for I have not seen her this long time, and I want to ask her what account she has had of the unfortunate boy who was

sent to sea. I observe that she never likes to mention him. Poor woman! this wind will make her tremble."

"So, we are going to do a bit of friendship are we?" said Charles, who was busy teaching his black poodle to shoulder arms. "I see our Julia coming up the street."

Eliza sighed audibly—"I thought that Julia would come to-day. When she heard about Captain Glanville, she would guess how low I should be."

"Come, Anne, my girl," said Charles; "stick a pin in your ear, and look sharp. Your admirer John is coming too."

"My admirer! Oh, Charles!"

"Do look at Anne," said Maria, laughing scornfully. "She is actually colouring up with delight at the notion of having an admirer; and the Harrisons consider her a mere child. John Harrison is fond of children; and what vulgar expressions you do use, Charles. Stick a pin in your ear!—horrid!"

"Well done, Snowball—shoot! fire! bang!"

—Now stand at ease—there's a beauty!—Never mind them, Anne—don't be bullied. We shall have you Mrs. John Harrison yet.”

“ I have some reason to believe,” said Eliza, “ that John Harrison fancies that I am engaged to Captain Glanville. And yet he ought to know that if it were so, I should not let Mr. Spry talk so much to me.”

“ Here they come,” said Maria. “ Now we shall have Mr. Butler quoted upon us, every other word. I make a point of looking as uninterested as ever I can when they begin to talk about Mr. Butler. Why cannot he and Kate marry at once, and let us have a little peace and quiet?”

“ Hush, my dear! they will hear you. How do you do Julia? how do you do Mr. John? It is quite a novel thing to see you here of a morning. Charles, run and look if your father is at home, and tell him that Mr. John Harrison is here.”

Mrs. Beaumont had with great docility adopted John's view of himself, and treated him with much respect.

“What a sad thing this is about poor Mr. Glanville—is it not?” asked Julia. “They say it is quite impossible he can recover—and I have got such a thing to tell you about Mrs. Howard. To be sure, how right I have always been in my opinion of her. She has actually written to put off a dinner engagement to-day, because of the bad accounts she has received from Howard Lodge—she uses those very words. The lady who told me was quite aghast. She could not have believed that Mrs. Howard would have dared to make such a broad avowal of the state of affairs. For my part, I was prepared to believe any thing of her.”

“I mean to rally and go to Mrs. Spry’s concert to-night—and who has so much right to feel for Captain Glanville as myself?” Eliza said with solemnity.

“Why you were abusing the woman just now for going out,” said Charles; “and now you are abusing her for staying at home. What would you have her do? It is my belief they

are all jealous of her. What do you think, Snowball, my beauty?"

"Hold your tongue, Charles, and go and play with the dog in the passage," said Maria.

"I wonder whether any steps have been taken about informing Lindsay of his brother's illness," said John Harrison, "supposing it should terminate fatally? I really should be tempted, if I were not so hampered by business, to run across the Continent myself to break it to him. I feel very much for poor Lindsay in all this."

"Indeed!" Maria answered; "Lord Lindsay ought to be very much obliged to you. Nobody else will be guilty of joining him and feeling together."

"But you are very intimate with Lord Lindsay, I believe," said Anne softly.

"Very—we were at college together. Julia, look what a beautiful piece of work Miss Anne Beaumont is about. You and Kate never do such beautiful work as that. I shall beg for it for a waistcoat."

Anne, quite enlivened by his notice, looked up with some idea of venturing a little facetious answer;—but she caught a look of Maria's, which said terrible things; so she blushed and looked down again. John Harrison was quite taken by her modesty. Anne really was pretty when she blushed.

“ I should have been with you before, John,” Mr. Beaumont said, as he entered the room with a number of Blackwood in his hand; “ but I got into one of the papers here, and I could not leave it—I could not, upon my honour. It is capital—quite capital—does not leave our Whig or Radical ministry, whichever you please to term it, a leg to stand upon. The Ettrick Shepherd calls them ‘ feckless ne’er-do-weels.’ It is quite capital—so much point. I really must send this to your father, and you must make him read it, John.”

John shook his head.—“ My father declares that if ever he finds Blackwood in our house, he shall throw it into the fire.”

“ And I think him quite right; for it is sad

trash and very vulgar," said Julia. "I do not know what it means—with its wine and walnuts, and Maga and nonsense. Even you, Mr. Beaumont, must allow it is very vulgar. We take in another magazine, written quite in the same sort of way, only saying every thing quite differently. You understand what I mean. I forget the title exactly—the 'True Patriot,' or something of that sort. Mr. Spry recommended it to us."

"I know it," Mr. Beaumont replied. "A mischievous publication which I should not think myself justified in touching with a pair of tongs. I am sorry, young lady, that you can find no better employment for your time than to expend it upon such republican trash."

"Mr. Spry is the most rising young man of the day," Julia answered intrepidly, "and he considers it a very superior work."

"Mr. Spry once offered to lend me a book," said Eliza; "I do not know what its name was. He said that it was about something."

He was quite as anxious to lend me a book as he was to lend one to Julia."

"I see nothing to boast about in that," her father said in a tone of strong displeasure. "I desire neither to see Mr. Spry nor his books within these doors. I very strongly disapprove of this intimacy with the Sprys. They are a bad, mischievous, ill-conditioned family."

"We think very highly of young Spry," John Harrison answered drily; "his politics happen to agree with ours."

"Oh, my dear Mr. John, I beseech you, for mercy's sake, not to talk politics," said Mrs. Beaumont. "I hate the very sound of the word. Before you mentioned it, I suspected from Mr. Beaumont's tone what you were all about. My dear Mr. Beaumont, tell us a little more about your magazine; and do not talk politics."

"Well, my dear, I have done, if it worries you—but John Harrison and I understand each other perfectly. We like a little brush sometimes."

"It is most fortunate," said Julia, "that

Mr. Butler should be of our way of thinking. Only think how awkward it would be for Kate if he were not."

"I should not have fancied Mr. Butler likely to have strong opinions any way," Maria answered.

"I fell in with Mr. Dalrymple an hour ago," said Mrs. Beaumont, "and he tells me, this morning's post brought rather a better account of Edward Glanville;—but I could not make out any particulars from him—he seemed to be in a fidget to get to Mrs. Howard's. There seemed to be some little soreness because she had sent for Frederick Percival and not for him."

Eliza Beaumont looked triumphantly at Julia Harrison. "There—you hear how it is. The moment there is any thing the matter in the Mordaunt family, Mr. Percival is sent for. There cannot be a doubt of his engagement to Lady Ellen."

"Do you hear that, John? do you hear what Eliza says? Why it was in fact to tell you

about that, that we came here. It is pretty clear that Mr. Percival's chance is over, if ever he had any. Lord Raymond is gone down to Howard Lodge, that he may be with Lady Ellen. Poor Mr. Howard! What with chaperoning them, and nursing Mr. Glanville, and fretting about his wife—(for if he is aware of nothing else, he must be pretty well aware that she does not care for him)—he must be worried out of his life. I can hardly fancy a more terrible situation: for suppose he were to dislike Mr. Glanville ever so much—you know, he could not turn him out of his house just now.”

CHAPTER XII.

Oh love! true love!—what alters thee? not all

The changes that flit o'er the heart of man!

Thou art the fruit that ripens—not to fall;

The flower that lives beyond the summer's span;

The clinging plant that props the crumbling wall;

The vestal fire that braves the winter's ban,

Nor is extinguished by the sleet or snow

Of human cruelty, and crime and woe!

MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

IN the assertion of Julia Harrison, which closed our last chapter, she was perfectly justified. A man of a harder nature than Mr. Howard would have found it difficult to refuse the dues of hospitality at such a time; and he was a very guileless man—quite innocent, long as he had lived in it, of suspecting half the wickedness of this wicked world. Now that there were well-grounded hopes of Edward's

recovery, he did little from morning to night but congratulate himself, and every body else, upon the happy combination of events, which brought him down to Howard Lodge, just at the crisis of Edward's fate;—for if he had been left longer to his own careless, dashing style of nursing, his life could not have been saved. And Mr. Howard would not be thanked by Ellen; he would not hear of any inconvenience, past, present or to come. Once released, by her arrival, from responsibility, and constant attendance in a sick room, he was sure that every thing would go on well. Like most other men, he disliked so much all the details of grief and suffering, he found that unless he was forced into personal contact with them, his easiest line was to discredit their existence. Every morning he affirmed, in spite of the opinion of doctors and nurses, that Edward was getting better, and that Ellen was looking happier; and every evening he sate down in complacent spirits to his hospitable board, and sipped his wine, and pressed his good things

upon Lord Raymond, and congratulated himself upon having such an agreeable companion, and upon having saved that poor young fellow's life ; and he commented upon his wife's letters, and told little pointless anecdotes of his children, and altogether thought life a very pretty invention.

Lord Raymond at length began to think that it was time for him to talk of moving. Now that Edward's danger was past, it was every way useless that he should linger there. But Mr. Howard would not hear of his departure.

"Consider," he said—"we shall have Lady Ellen brightening up again now ; and she will find herself very dull with nobody but her *bonne* and an old married man like me to speak to—and I suppose that we can hardly expect Edward to get quite strong all at once, and to be amongst us again directly—so he will want a little change of society in his room. No, no, my Lord, I cannot hear of losing you yet. If every thing goes on well, which I do not doubt, I shall return to town at the end of

the week, and leave them in possession. Till then, from here, you must not stir."

And till then Lord Raymond did not stir. He was quite blind about Mr. Howard. He thought him a man gifted with the highest tact and the finest feelings. In fact he was never in all his life more taken by any man upon so short an acquaintance. It was so clever of him to guess that he, Lord Raymond, wanted to do one thing when he said he wanted to do another !

It did not indeed seem likely that Edward would get strong all at once. It was now the month of August, and the weather was intensely hot. According to Dr. L—'s directions, Edward had been moved to a sofa in the dressing-room. At first he had been dreadfully exhausted, but now he had again sank into a quiet sleep, and Ellen sate beside him, her heart overflowing with gratitude ; for it seemed as if he were indeed restored to her from the grave. "This will be his death-bed"—his nurse had said heedlessly in her hearing three days before—

“he will never again cross this threshold alive :” and she remembered listening in vain for some one to gainsay her. Man had given him up—but he was with her, living—there—and her spirit rose above the earth, and she felt as if no earthly trial could ever crush her now. She recalled those words which she had so often repeated as a child, without attaching any distinct meaning to them, and determined that henceforth she would strive cheerfully “to do her duty in that state of life to which it should please God to call her.”

She felt in charity too with all her fellow-creatures. She had wanted kindness, and they had shewn it to her. She had time now to dwell upon the many letters, full of kindness and sympathy, from which she had turned sickening away ; for they spoke of hope when she had no hope ; and with the injustice of the miserable, she had felt as if they were but written to aggravate the bitterness of her trial. Even Lady Elizabeth wrote affectionately. Wounded vanity and petty jealousies had

estranged her from those whom nature had provided for her friends;—but it was different now;—Edward dying—Ellen mourning beside him—these were images which had power to soften her. Their prosperity had been too much for her; but death, and the death of one so young and so fond of life,—was a fearful thing;—and when she thought of that one as her brother, the claims of kindred and early association made themselves heard once more, and she shed such tears as she had seldom shed before. She was anxious to go to her father. There was a sense of desolation in being away from her own family, in the hour of affliction which was common to them all. But Mr. Dalrymple had his fits of obstinacy sometimes, and he had an unconquerable one just now. His mother had written him word that it was most essential to keep Lady Elizabeth away from all the trying scenes that were going on; and armed with this advice he would listen to nothing else. Elizabeth had married a fool, and she was obliged to bear the consequences.

Ellen was still meditating over this letter, when she saw that Edward was awake, and was looking round with a languid but rational gaze. She bent over him and took his hand.

“I think I know this room,” he said; “and yet it can hardly be. Where am I? this looks like Howard Lodge.”

“It is, dearest”—and Ellen paused, afraid to say more; for these were the first rational words she had heard him utter since the delirium had left him, his weakness had been so great.

“Who was that spoke?” he said hurriedly, and trying to raise himself to look at her.—“Clara, was it you? oh speak again, love! let me feel that you are near?”

“Mrs. Howard is not here, dear Edward,” Ellen answered tremulously, and she rose and stood before him.

“Who has been with me then? How came I here?”—and then, after a pause, in which he seemed endeavouring to recollect himself, he added, “I have been very ill, I believe.—I was ill here once before.—Tell me where is Clara—

why do you not answer?—where is Mrs. Howard?”

“How is he now?” said Mr. Howard, softly entering the room.—“All the better for the move, I dare say.—How do you find yourself now, my dear fellow?”

“Better,—he is better,” Ellen answered hastily. “But we must not try to make him speak—he is too weak for that,” and she knelt down by the sofa, and pressed her lips to Edward’s forehead. “Do not answer me, dearest, but listen. You have been ill—very ill—and Mr. Howard has been very, very good to you and to all of us. He was staying here alone, and when he found how ill you were, he persuaded you to be moved here, that you might be taken better care of. It is to him, under Heaven, to whom you owe the preservation of your life. Edward, we must never forget what gratitude we owe him. He sent for me that I might nurse you. You know me now—your own Ellen.”

“Yes, I know you now,” Edward answered,

feebly returning her embrace. "I know you now—my own kindest Ellen."

"He is coming round, you see—he is coming round rapidly. It is quite wonderful what way he has made during the last three days. In two or three more I dare say that we shall have him among us again. My dear fellow, I am delighted to hear you speak like yourself once more."

"Mr. Howard," Edward said, holding out his hand—but he was exhausted, and nothing more was audible.

"My dear Edward, I am delighted to have you talking to me once more. We shall have many a jolly party together yet. But here is your fair nurse looking impatient to get rid of me, and I must go and write to Clara. Poor Clara! she has been in a terrible way about you. I believe, I ought to be jealous. She and Harriet were quite bent upon coming to take care of you themselves; but my letter arrived, telling them that Lady Ellen was here—and then they felt that you could not be

taken better care of. God bless you, Edward—I will come and pay you another visit in the evening.

“Have you not one little word for Clara, that I can say for you? I believe that we should have had her here after all, if Harriet had not been at her elbow to keep her away. Harriet said that she was sure Lady Ellen would be better without them.”

Ellen saw it all. Mrs. Howard, wild to risk every thing, that she might be near—and Miss Rivers, always calculating, always self-possessed, representing how surely she would betray herself before Edward's sister. That fear alone had saved her from their presence. It was exactly what she should have expected from them both. And then she looked at Edward. His eyes were again closed, and there was a peaceful expression on his pale marble-looking brow, and fine attenuated features. He was so still, Ellen's breath came thickly as she looked upon him; for thoughts of death had become familiar to her, and if the

spirit had indeed left its tenement of clay, even thus should she have seen him

“ Before decay’s effacing fingers
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers.”

Already would that account have been closed in which all his deeds were registered. This was a train of thought which she could not just then pursue farther; but she prayed that neither of them might forget how solemnly these words had been brought home to them, that “ in the midst of life we are in death.”

Some hours elapsed before Edward spoke again, and then he called to Ellen to come and sit nearer to him. “ I cannot sleep,” he said, “ and I am so tired with thinking—so many thoughts are hurrying through my brain. Where can my mind have wandered while I was ill? for it has not been *with me*—I have no power to recall what has passed for these many days. Ellen, how strange that is—how very strange—that the powers of thinking should

for so long be lost, and then so suddenly return! And you have been with me, and I did not know it, and my father for my sake has let you leave him. And Mr. Howard too—dear, dear Ellen, how kind you all are to me—how much kinder than I deserve!”

“ Oh, do not say so, Edward—it is such joy to have you restored to us. There is yet another friend here, who has been most anxious about you. Lord Raymond came when first he heard of your illness.”

“ Raymond!—and where is Frederick Percival? is he here too?”

“ He could not leave London just now—he is so overwhelmed with business. It is hard upon him to be kept from us.”

Ellen tried to speak cheerfully, but Edward's question had something chilled her; she felt as if it were somehow her fault that Lord Raymond was there and Frederick Percival away.

“ Raymond is an excellent friend to me,” Edward said, after a pause; “ and I sometimes

wonder why any body takes the trouble to be my friend: I cannot even give them my confidence, and I am sure that I have nothing else to give."

"Surely for affection you can give affection," said Ellen, smiling.

"Yes; that I do, God knows—but you, love, might fairly even doubt that. Ellen, for months I have had so much upon my mind, it seemed to change my very nature. When my follies, or rather my faults, involved but myself, I could bear with patience the consequences I deserved. But now that another is concerned—another who, till she knew me, knew neither care nor sorrow:"—he stopped, and seemed strongly agitated.

"Hush, dear Edward, do not say more now. When you are stronger perhaps you will trust me, and tell me all—for you cannot fear me—I must have you rest now."

"I cannot rest—I cannot till I have spoken. Ellen, listen to me, but do not advise me. I shall be better when you know all."

And Ellen did listen, but it was not till many months had elapsed, that in tears and agony of heart she disclosed what then passed between them.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another’s eyes.”

POPE.

“ But, as he passed the castle-gate
He left so wholly desolate,
His throbbing pulse, his burning brain,
The sudden grasp upon the rein,
The breast and lips that gasped for air,
Told Love’s shaft was still rankling there.”

AND Edward grew better—and Lord Raymond grew worse—and Ellen grew pale and grave—and Lord Raymond thought that if all the women in the world were pale and grave, the world would look the better for it.

Four days had made a wonderful improvement in Edward’s strength; and now, settled at the open window, once more breathing fresh air, and looking on the bright sky, and the flowery world beneath it,—he felt that what-

ever events life might produce, the simple possession of life was in itself enjoyment. "How beautiful every thing looks," he said to Ellen and Lord Raymond, who were settled in his room. "The trees and grass are so particularly green. There certainly is something very satisfactory in this place, Raymond; I do not think that you and Ellen are half enough struck by the merits of Howard Lodge."

"Indeed, we are, my dear fellow. It is a good comfortable house, with a good comfortable master; and he has a very pretty wife, and a very pretty niece. But you have the advantage of associations and recollections which Lady Ellen and I have not. The view you want us to admire is at this moment furbished up by them, or you would see that this is as flat and uninteresting a specimen of a Lancashire gentleman's Lancashire home, as can well be produced."

"Howard," Edward said, coolly addressing his host, who at that moment entered the room,

“Raymond admires you and your wife, but he says that your place is flat.”

Ellen actually stared at him with astonishment; but Edward understood his man better than she did. Mr. Howard was too well satisfied with himself and his happiness, not to be certain that every body must admire every thing that contributed to it;—and he loved Howard Lodge as well and blindly as men are found to love ugly places inflicted upon them by their ancestors, and to be inflicted again by them upon their descendants; so he laughed heartily, and placed his hand with infinite affection upon Edward’s shoulder.

“What, at your old tricks again, eh! trying to put me out of conceit with the old hall. But I suspect your sister will agree with me, that it would be difficult to do that. Well, I am glad to see you like yourself once more. We must send Dr. L—— to the right-about, or we shall be having you too well to keep in any order.”

“I am very well; but you keep me shut up

here, in this dreadful dull room,—and send Raymond to sneer at me, and Ellen to cry over me—and nobody tells me any news—nobody tries to amuse me. What are all those letters you have got between your finger and thumb? Suppose you sit down and read them loud to us? Come—begin with this one—I choose you to begin with this one—and Dr. L—— says, I am much too weak to be contradicted.”

“As you please: wilful man must have his way. This is from Harriet Rivers, and there is a great deal about you in it. Do you choose me to read it loud to all the present company.”

“No—no—Miss Rivers would never forgive me. But the next, let us have the next.”

“The next—that is from Clara.”

“From Clara?” said Edward, gaily imitating his voice; “Yes, let us have Clara’s.”

“Oh, Edward, how can you?” Ellen said reproachfully.

“How can I? Why not? Why should I not hear Mrs. Howard’s letter, if Howard will read it to me? Come, man, begin; and, Ellen,

do not look so grave—I am in a laughing mood just now—you must laugh with me.”

Mr. Howard laughed enough for every body. “I will not read Clara’s letter; for, perhaps, she might be like Harriet, and never forgive me. But here is one that I want advice about; for I own it puzzles me. It is from a connection of yours, and I do not quite see what he is after. Something is amiss with him, and I do not perfectly understand what. I must answer it somehow, and I do not exactly know what answer to give.”

“Charles Dalrymple is upon you I suspect. You have got a sort of Charles Dalrymple face on.”

“Yes, it is from your brother-in-law, and it seems, Lady Ellen, that you are in disgrace with him.”

“I always am,” said Ellen meekly.

“Now, I will read you what he says. All this first page is taken up by apologies for addressing me; but he adds—“I can no longer remain passive under the extraordinary circum-

stances in which I am placed. Inquiries concerning the state of Edward's health are constantly made, both of myself and of my mother, who is come up to London that she may be with Lady Elizabeth during her confinement. For the last six days, it is only through the communications of a third person—and that person not even distantly related to the family—that we have been enabled to afford any information;—for no direct intelligence has been forwarded to us. Yet we have neither of us any thing to reproach ourselves with. When Edward was at the very worst, my mother addressed a regular note of inquiry and condolence to Ellen. Lady Elizabeth has written constantly; and though she says she declared that she should be satisfied with such intelligence as could be gained through Mrs. Howard, the third person already named, (whom perhaps there will be no impropriety in specifying as Frederick Percival)—I own that the total neglect with which our branch of the family has been treated, is more than I, as her husband,

can really submit to, whatever she may think proper to do herself. The note which Lady Elizabeth received from Ellen when Edward was declared out of danger, was so excessively short, that Lady Elizabeth evidently judged it useless to submit it either to myself or my mother for perusal. Frederick Percival's information, I imagine, is derived from Mrs. Howard and Miss Rivers,—who, I understand, do not refuse to receive *him*, though for eight consecutive days I have presented myself at their door, and have been refused admittance. I must in justice add that they did offer to wait upon Lady Elizabeth whenever she should feel equal to see them;—but she has been disinclined for any society. If Ellen's time is still so fully employed, that she finds it impossible to pay the *slightest* attention to the absent members of her family, may I trouble you, my dear sir, to address a letter to *me*, mentioning the present state of affairs at Howard Lodge? and it would greatly add to your kindness, if you could persuade Ellen, at the earliest opportunity, to send

a few necessary words to my mother. She must herself feel that they are *imperatively called for*."

Then follows a fraternal message to you, Edward, and excuses to you, Lord Raymond, for not having come down to take your place—"which, as a relative, I should have felt bound to do, if it were not for Lady Elizabeth's delicate state of health."

"So"—said Edward—"that is the Providential dispensation which has kept him away from us!—Who, after that, will dare say that no positive benefit arises from the progress of population? Ellen, my child, sit down directly, and write four pages, full of feeling, to old Mrs. Dalrymple. I think I will pour out my soul to Charles. You have neglected that family shamefully while I was lying helpless. Raymond, what were you about not to keep us all straight?"

"I was taking care of you. My thoughts never strayed from here, and if Percival failed, I should not have succeeded."

“ Very true,” said Mr. Howard ; “ such a politician as Frederick Percival ought to have managed better.”

“ I was not thinking of him only as a politician,” Lord Raymond answered, as he left the room.

“ Well—I have executed my commission,” said Mr. Howard, “ and you and Lady Ellen must shew your repentance in any way you think fit. To-morrow, you know, I give up possession of this mansion to you both ; and as soon as I arrive in London, I shall try to atone for Clara’s sins, by going straight to see Mr. Dalrymple.”

“ Ellen,” said Edward, “ as soon as Howard is out of sight, we will have that large gloomy cedar-tree cut down. Perhaps there may be the semblance of a hill behind it.”

“ Now do hear him !—I said we were setting him up too much, among us. He is as fond of that cedar-tree as I can be. Many an hour has he dawdled away with my womankind under that cedar-tree, when I wanted Clara to

come and walk with me. Deny it if you can, Master Edward."

Ellen answered for him, "He cannot—he had better not attempt it."

"I carry off Lord Raymond with me to-morrow," pursued Mr. Howard. "I cannot say that his looks and spirits do this place much credit. I had not the pleasure of being much acquainted with him before; but it appears to me that he has a great want of animal spirits."

"I dare say that you have been poisoning him with your horrid cookery," said Edward.

"Come, come, it is pretty clear that there is not much left the matter with you. Lady Ellen, he always used to say that mine was the only house in the county where he could get a good dinner."

"I said that it was the only house where I liked to dine. But that was for the sake of your society, Howard. When I am in your society I never think about my dinner."

"No, no, I will not brook such praise as

that ; and you know very well that when you and Clara got into one of your confabulations, my society went for nothing.”

Edward looked at Ellen with a determination to catch her eye ; but she shook her head and turned away. That shake of the head seemed to have a strong effect upon him ; for his mood suddenly changed.

“ You are right, Howard. Many of the happiest hours of my life have been spent here, and under that old cedar—hours more free from care than perhaps I shall ever know again. And wild as you have thought me—wild as you yet will think me—all your constant kindness has not been unfelt. And now you have been the means of preserving a life, which as yet has been worse than worthless. For this, and for much else, I owe you a heavy debt of gratitude. But how, oh, how will it be repaid ?”—and flinging his arms upon the table, he leant forward and buried his face within them.

Poor Mr. Howard hardly knew what to an-

swer to this;—for though he was, what is called, universally beloved, he was not the sort of man that many would pitch upon as a receptacle for sentiment; so that Edward's vehemence very much affected and rather puzzled him. He looked to Lady Ellen for help, but she was looking out of the window.

“My dear Edward—my dear fellow,” he said, “I cannot have you talk in this sort of way. We have kept you shut up here, till you are getting hipped. Not but what you must have been joking when you called this a horrid dull room—for it happens to be a remarkably cheerful room—looks to the south—and if any gratitude is owing, I owe it to you, for bringing round me such a pleasant, cheerful little party, when I came here upon a dry matter of business;—so upon that score we are quits. And now I shall not let you say another word, and shall carry off Lady Ellen with me;—for you have over-tired yourself with talking. A man cannot get strong all at once, after such an illness as you have had. Come, Lady

Ellen, we must leave him to himself, and let him rest a little."

Ellen made no objection ; for she too thought that he would be happier alone. She too had acknowledgments to make to Mr. Howard, which he would not hear ; and there was much to listen to from him, of all the arrangements which he had made for their comfort when he should be gone. He and Madame Renardin had already had a long consultation on the subject ; and as she had no conscience about accepting any thing and every thing he offered, that could in the remotest degree contribute to Edward's comfort, they suited particularly well. She only wondered why he could not leave Lord Raymond behind him as well as the key of the cellar. At Mordaunt Castle she settled that Ellen had an attachment—at Howard Lodge she settled who was the object of that attachment. And how indeed should it be otherwise ? Such a charming young man—so rich, so handsome, so devoted ! Who that had seen him assist Lady Ellen to put on

her shawl could doubt his devotion. And then—Lady Raymond—such a pretty title!—if she could but see her precious child married to him, she should have nothing more to wish. It was strangely foolish of that good, dear Mr. Howard to carry off Lord Raymond with him. However he had left her some excellent old brandy to put in her invalid's arrow-root;—so at last, perhaps, she should get him to swallow a little of it. There is a bright side to every thing!

In the meantime both Ellen and Edward were anxious to remove as soon as possible to Mordaunt Castle;—and Dr. L—— did not shake his head for more than three minutes, when they talked of setting off in a week. Lord Mordaunt had in fact been very much overset, by Ellen's absence, and his son's illness; and they were both impatient to be with him.

Ellen could not sympathise with Madame Renardin in her regret for Lord Raymond's departure. Since Edward had been so far re-

covered as to wish for society, they had been brought into daily and hourly communication ; and that was not exactly the receipt to cure her of thinking about him. And yet, if Lord Raymond could delight in any thing, he delighted in his own behaviour under such trying circumstances. He was, he flattered himself, perfectly passive. If other people agreed with him, he was singularly happy in his witnesses, for he was unconsciously performing all the evolutions of a man in love. He felt just what every body had felt before him ; for in love, as in life, "there is nothing new and nothing old."

He lived on Ellen's looks, and Ellen's words, and thought it useless that any body else should speak or look at all. He guessed all she wished, and all she was going to wish. He agreed with all her opinions before they were uttered ; and was miserable when she was present, and still more miserable when she was away. He trusted that she might never know such pangs as he was suffering ; but he would

have heard with rapture that she was suffering such for him.

Ellen, on her part, did all she could. Every day her words to him grew fewer, and her letters to Frederick Percival longer;—for every day brought home to her deeper conviction of the devotion of Lord Raymond's feelings for her, and how devotedly, under other circumstances, those feelings would have been returned. But her resolution of keeping to her early engagement never wavered. Some might have judged differently; but she firmly believed that no human feelings are so strong but that principle may overcome them; and by every principle of faith and honour was she bound to Frederick Percival.

It was under the influence of these conclusions, that after parting with Mr. Howard, she proceeded to the library, to write to Lord Mordaunt, and fix the day of their return. As she entered, Lord Raymond hastily folded up a letter, and advanced towards her.

“ I was upon the point of writing to you,

Lady Ellen," he said ; " for in a few hours we part, and I feared that I should have no opportunity of seeing you alone."

" There is nothing you can wish to say to me that Edward may not hear," Ellen answered somewhat coldly. " I have no concealments from him."

Lord Raymond's colour rose. " I see what you suspect ; but indeed you wrong me ; for it was not of myself I wished to speak. You need not fear that a rejected man can wish to dwell upon feelings of unmixed bitterness. It was about one in whose welfare I am deeply interested, that I wished to consult you. You will not refuse to listen when the subject is Frederick Percival."

" Forgive me—for indeed I need your forgiveness, if for a moment, I fancied that you were going to recur to feelings, which we must both be conscious had better be forgotten."

" Forgotten ! never," he answered passionately ; but checking himself, he added, " yes, you are right,—it is better that you should for-

get them—I wish you to forget that I ever ventured to express them; for I am anxious that you should look upon me as a friend—as a true devoted friend—but nothing more; and I am now going to claim an act of friendship from you. I wish that I could extract your promise before-hand that you will not refuse me.”

“It is a rash promise to give to any one,” Ellen said, attempting a smile; “but I believe I may venture to give it to you.”

“Thank you—I only want you to use your influence with Frederick Percival, in favour of the request this letter contains—I even wish you to be the channel through which I may send it to him. The connexion between *my* family and the family of which he will soon become a member, will plead my excuse for taking a liberty which hardly seems warrantable upon so short an acquaintance.”

Ellen took the letter he held out to her. “I am sure,” she said, “that any request of yours, Frederick will be happy to grant;”—and there she stopped; for it suddenly struck her

as ridiculous that she should be doing the honours of Frederick Percival's patronage to Lord Raymond.

“ If you will make it *your* request as well as mine, I shall have hopes of him. But you must use your eloquence to persuade him, that, in granting it, he is conferring, not accepting an obligation ; which is in fact the true reading of the business. I simply want him to make of use that which at this moment is perfectly useless. If I rightly understood Edward's statement yesterday evening, a very inconsiderable sum of money placed at Mr. Percival's disposal would enable him, instead of selling his estate, to return and take it under his own management. It would also relieve Frederick Percival from the sacrifice which he has so nobly made to his father's comfort, and which, under his circumstances, must have been a sacrifice indeed. I am rich—richer than I wish to be—for my life will be a solitary one ; and it seems to me that I am monopolising what might make many happy. If in any

shape he could be persuaded to accept, what is wasted with me—as a loan if not as a gift—I need not tell you what pleasure it would afford me to feel that I had contributed in the remotest degree to forward the happiness of him whose happiness will be shared with you. But do not mistake me:—for his own sake I would do this and more. Lady Ellen, will you undertake this for me? Do not make me think that all my offers are to be rejected.”

“Oh, write to him yourself—I cannot, indeed I cannot,” said Ellen, completely overpowered; for she felt it was for her sake and her’s alone that this proposition was made, and she shrank from the possibility that Frederick might accept it.

“I have written, and the letter is in your hands. I do but wish you to join your persuasions to mine,—and to tell him that one, who ventures to hope you will regard him as a brother, must not be treated by him as a stranger. Lady Ellen, it is not in your nature to be unkind. I implore you not

to refuse me this. It is a strange fancy, but I feel that if even in this trivial manner I can contribute to the well-being of Frederick Percival, there will yet be a tie between us, which you will not wish to break; and you can hardly guess the value of that thought. You will not crush it—you will do what I wish?”

“I will,” said Ellen, and she burst into tears.

It was with a wild and sudden hope that Lord Raymond took her hand, and he with difficulty repressed the impetuous words which were rising to his lips;—but he did repress them; and distrusting his self-command, left the room.

The next day he and Ellen parted, with such apparent indifference as would have made Madame Renardin despair, if she had seen them:—but fortunately for her wishes and hopes, she had established herself at an upper window, that she might study the effect of Lord Raymond’s travelling carriage.

CHAPTER XIV.

The season closes, 'mid the crowd who strove
For great acquaintance, fashion, place, or love,
How many disappointments have sustained ?
How few are those who what they sought, obtained ?
What is the end of all their aims and arts ?
Why sometimes broken fans—or broken hearts.
Some wounded fly, a prey to ceaseless pain,
Some shuffle, cut, and deal the cards again,
Trusting that still another year will bring,
All that was promised, and yet failed this Spring.

The Squares of London.

“WELL, girls !” said Mrs. Beaumont, “I have picked up a great deal of news for you this morning. There is no place like Harley-street for hearing news.”

“No,” Maria answered, “I do not know anywhere such gossips as the Harrisons. Julia and Kate sit and gossip from morning to night.

I do not believe they could live out of society for two minutes. I really wonder that they are not worn to death with so many morning visits."

"I cannot think," said Eliza, "where they find so many people to call upon them. I own I do think, now and then a morning visitor is not unpleasant. I dare say that a great many people would call upon us if we were to encourage them."

"I believe," said Anne, "that Mr. John Harrison takes home a great many of his friends with him; he has a great many friends I believe."

"You are always believing something about John Harrison;—and I really think it a kindness, Anne, to tell you, that you are making yourself thoroughly ridiculous, by bringing out his name whenever you open your mouth. He has not got more friends than other people; only he makes a greater talk about them. We all know what his friendship is with Lord Lindsay."

“But Maria—he wrote to Lord Lindsay last week, I believe.”

This last instance of Anne’s credulity was happily uttered in so low a tone, it escaped Maria’s notice.

“Well but, mamma,” said Eliza, “what news did you hear? I expect that Julia and Kate will come this afternoon to take leave of us, and it is as well to be beforehand with them; because then one knows what line to take. Did you make out anything more about Kate’s settlements?”

“No, my dear; Mrs. Harrison fought very shy of the subject; and I suspect that a great many uncomfortable things have passed between Mr. Harrison and old Mr. Butler. She never once mentioned old Mr. Butler’s name; and you know it was very different a fortnight ago. It seems very doubtful whether the young people are to have a house of their own at first; and when I said to Mrs. Harrison that I thought it a bad thing for a young couple not set up for themselves at once, and that I knew many

uncomfortable marriages in consequence, she made no answer. I dare say she has had worry enough about it all."

"But surely, mamma," said Maria, "you do not call anything about Kate's marriage—news. I am sure we never hear of anything now, but Kate's settlements, and Kate's trousseau, and Kate's looks. I really shiver at the very sound of Kate's name."

"That is true enough, my dear; but I heard a great many other things. They had picked up a great deal of the Howards' private history somewhere—all about her having been a niece, or a protégée, or a something of that Miss Rivers's father—and that was the way she got hold of Mr. Howard—and they are to stay in town all the summer—because he is managing some law-suit, or belongs to some committee—I forget which—Julia Harrison did say. And the lady who told them all this, did not much like Miss Rivers—she thinks her high. And she talked rather lightly of Mrs. Howard—at least she laughed when she said she was a

lively little woman. Julia Harrison said she did not think it looked well."

"And what was the lady's name, mamma?" Eliza asked with intense eagerness; for she felt that all this intelligence was her property—owing to the mysterious link which bound her, and the Howards, and Edward Glanville together."

"I forget, my dear—it was an odd out-of-the-way name—she was a cousin or a connection of Mr. or Mrs. Howard's, I am not sure which—Francis Butler did say. They had all been dining with her."

"Dining with her! how very odd!—how very extraordinary—and a name we do not know!—mamma you always make such a mess of your news. I really wish that you would try and remember what the name was," said Eliza fretfully.

"I cannot, my dear; they told me such a quantity of things, I have forgotten half of them. Mr. Howard is returned, and he quite raves about Lady Ellen. He says he never

saw such a sweet creature as she is—so devoted to her brother, and yet so calm when he was at the worst ;—and making herself so useful.”

“ And what did you hear about Lord Raymond ? I suppose as usual the Harrisons are asserting that that will be a match, and Richard said he met him in the street yesterday, not looking the least as if he were going to marry any body.”

“ How did he set about looking that ? ” asked Charles.

“ I wish,” said Maria to her mother, “ that you could teach that boy not to ask childish questions. His holidays have seemed longer than ever this time. And so I suppose you were carried off up stairs, to look at Kate’s trousseau. I am so glad that I said we were busy packing and could not go. I can fancy all the shewing off so well—Julia puffing herself and the gowns in the same breath, and Mrs. Harrison with her fat sighs trying to be sentimental. ‘ Dear Kate will look so well in

that'—I hear her say :—as if 'dear Kate' ever looked well in anything!"

"To be sure, my dear, I saw the trousseau. I went there for nothing else. There were two or three very handsome gowns—very—but Mrs. Harrison seemed rather put out about it—she thought there were too many gowns with piqued bodies. Francis Butler has a fancy for piqued bodies; so Kate is mad for them. There was a yellow satin—she has two or three yellow things because she is dark—and Mrs. Harrison wished the body to be made plain, but she was overruled—and now if the fashion should change, where will they be? Then there was a table covered with all the presents she had had—nothing but what you have seen, I fancy, except a large amethyst ornament, which a rich cousin of Francis Butler's had sent, quite unexpectedly—very handsome—they made a great fuss with that. And your bead bracelet, Anne, did not look at all amiss."

"Why Anne," said Maria and Eliza, both in

a breath—"have you been sending a present to Kate Harrison? What could induce you? and to make such a mystery of it too.—She is really going quite wild about the Harrisons"—Maria added in a solemn tone.

Anne looked dreadfully guilty. "There was no mystery about it,"—she said—"I am sure that I have been working at it quite publicly for the last five months—and then that one evening, when I went to the Harrisons by myself, they all admired it so much—I thought that as Kate was going to be married, and had always been very good-natured to me, I would send it to her. That was all. There was no mystery in that."

"I suppose next, that you will make one for John Harrison," said Maria.

"Do Anne, if you like it, and I will carry it myself. How you do bully that girl, Maria. However, she will pay it all back when she is Mrs. John Harrison."

"Hush, my dear boy, you must not be rude to your sister.—You are better off than your

poor friend David, who is tossing about on the ocean. I could not help saying to Mrs. Harrison to day, ‘Ah! poor David would be glad enough if he were at home, to go to his sister’s wedding;’ and quite a cloud came over her. There was something said of comfortable letters from him, and a good character from his captain.

“But what can all that be to a mother whose son is sent away from her whether she likes it or not? I have no patience with Mr. Harrison about it. He came in just then, talking very grand about the poor laws. I know nothing at all about them, but I contradicted him as sharply as I could; for I was sure that your father would have done so if he had been there.”

“Mr. Harrison is always talking about poor-laws, or something of that kind,” said Eliza. “I do not want to hear about him—but I wish I knew something more about that cousin of the Howards. Suppose Maria, as all our packing is done, that we walk there, and

pay them a farewell visit. I really should like to bid Mrs. Howard good-bye."

But no—Maria would suppose no such thing. They were not intimate enough with Mrs. Howard to make it necessary to pay her a farewell visit; and it was just one of Eliza's foolish schemes to go and expose herself by talking about Captain Glanville. Maria said if she were to walk any where, it would be to a shoe-shop quite the other way. But Eliza was firm;—having declared her intentions, she felt the worst was done—Anne wanted a walk—Anne would walk with her,—and, as the packing was done, and the waggon loaded, the servants must be quite at leisure; so, with a careless air of decision, she rang the bell and told the footman to get his hat. He looked very cross, as it is the privilege of servants to look on a packing day, and Maria was very angry indeed, and said she must give up trying to manage or settle any thing in the house, every body was to ring the bell for the footman at once, and order him different ways. Mrs.

Beaumont said that it was very bad indeed, but she supposed that Eliza must have her own way that once; and she quite agreed with Maria, that it was impossible she could order dinner, or settle the house accounts, if that sort of thing went on. She owned, however, that she would be glad to hear the name of those people that the Harrisons dined with.

There was a sound of many voices when the door of Mrs. Howard's drawing-room was opened to admit Eliza and Anne, and Eliza felt that her visit was particularly well timed—a feeling in which it was more than doubtful whether the visited sympathised. The Dalrymples were there. Mr. Howard's attention to Charles Dalrymple upon his return to London had been most marked; and he was now reaping his reward. Mr. Dalrymple had himself proposed that he should accompany Lady Elizabeth to Park Lane,—and he was marking his sense of Mr. Howard's superiority, by entirely devoting himself to him, and scarcely noticing his wife. Lady Elizabeth was seated in

an arm-chair, while Mrs. Howard, in that pretty little playful way of hers, which the Harrison friend had remarked upon, was seated at her feet. Lord Raymond and Harriet Rivers were standing a little apart, talking to each other; while Frederick Percival, who had flattered himself he was going to have five minutes' idleness, was seated at a table franking letters,—the one then under his hand being to an old banker worth a million or two, to whom it was therefore quite necessary to save sixpence postage.

There was a portentous lull when the Miss Beaumonts were announced;—and then—“What on earth can bring them here?” burst from Mrs. Howard half-a-second later than she had intended; for Eliza was within hearing. But no harm was done; Eliza was strong in the consciousness of so many excellent reasons for coming, she felt no doubt that Mrs. Howard would be satisfied before she went away. Still there was something rather disheartening in the sight of so many people so very intimate

together. Anne afterwards said that she could have got on better if Lady Elizabeth had not been sitting there, looking so very grand, with her feet upon a foot-stool.

“How do you do, Mr. Percival?” said Eliza, as she advanced up the room; “you are franking I see—perhaps I shall be able presently to think of a frank I want. And so, there you are, Lord Raymond—we heard you were come back, but we were not quite sure. How do you do, Miss Rivers? we have been so busy packing all the morning—we go into the country to-morrow. How do you do, Mr. Howard? Well, how glad I am to be able to take leave of you, Lady Elizabeth. Somehow or other we never are lucky enough to find you at home. And there is Mr. Dalrymple, I declare—I did not see him till I almost tumbled over his hat.”

“That is very extraordinary—very,” he said, looking as if he could have murdered her; “I have never before heard it remarked that I am more difficult to see than other people. I should

have imagined," and he emitted a little peevish laugh, "that a man's hat is a less prominent feature than a man's self. I am afraid that Miss Eliza Beaumont's powers of observation cannot be very great."

Eliza was rebuked, but nothing daunted. "Mamma insisted upon my coming here this morning, for she could not bear to leave London, without hearing what were the last accounts of Captain Glanville. Lady Elizabeth, pray be good enough to tell me that you are satisfied with the last accounts. We have all been so excessively unhappy about him, you cannot think."

Elizabeth *would* not think. The Beaumonts were not of sufficient calibre to be allowed to be unhappy about any thing that was happening in her family—she did not see what business they had, even to know that Edward was ill—so she answered carelessly,

"My brother, Edward—was it him you wished to inquire about? He is pretty well again, I believe—Mrs. Howard, you were

telling me about that ridiculous family—do go on.”

“Where was I? oh! at the mother—well, as I was telling you, she had this tower of a turban on her head, finished off on her forehead with a row of white beads—and there were a Sir somebody and Lady something dining there—city people, and she always called the wife, my lady. Then there was the son—the orator—actually hung in gold chains, and without a neckcloth. ‘He is like nobody else,’ the mother said, ‘he is so peculiar’—and nobody could contradict her. I never met before with such an offensive looking man. Then there was the young lady—the Miss Spry——”

“Spry! are you talking about the Sprys? I am so glad, so very glad,” said Eliza, “I wanted to know a little about his family—I first saw the mother in the House of Commons, and she told me what side people were speaking upon—and took great pains to be civil to me—and we know Mr. Spry very intimately indeed—better in fact than the Harrisons do.

He is a very distinguished man—only papa does not like his politics; he thinks him too radical, or something—papa is very particular about people's politics—he does not like yours much, Mr. Percival. I suppose that you and Mr. Spry think alike.”

“Exactly,” Lady Elizabeth answered gravely, “Mr. Percival and Mr. Spry think exactly alike.”

“I thought so—we are so very intimate with Mr. Spry—I have a right to know. The Sprys give very pleasant little parties—they are quite people worth knowing; and Mr. Spry, though he is so clever, dances and talks just like any one of us. The only ball I have met him at, he made quite a fuss about dancing with me.”

“And pray, how does Mrs. Spry like that?” said Mr. Howard, meaning to say something pleasant; “I am afraid, Miss Beaumont, that if you and Mr. Spry go on in such a way, you will make poor Mrs. Spry uneasy.”

“Uneasy! oh, Mr. Howard! what nonsense

—and she is such a very good-natured old lady, I am sure she would not mind.”

Mr. Howard looked exceedingly entertained. “Well, then, I suppose she would not mind. But why do you call her old? We thought her a very dashing young lady, did not we, Harriet?”

Miss Rivers was still talking to Lord Raymond, and would not hear.

“I say, Harriet,” he continued, “we thought the young Mrs. Spry rather a striking sort of lady—she looked as if she would keep the radical in order. What story was that you were telling me about her?”

“I forget,” his niece answered, looking as if she scorned all the nonsense that was going on.

“Young Mr. Spry—do you hear, Anne? how very odd! how very strange!—why, you do not mean to say that Mr. Spry has a wife?” Eliza asked breathlessly.

“There does, indeed, seem reason to fear that the situation is filled up,” Lady Elizabeth kindly answered.

“Who are you all talking about?” said Frederick, rising from his table; “Spry, the mad member for W——? Yes, he is married, and to rather a handsome wife. At the time of her husband’s election she went about canvassing for him. I remember that Edward Glanville and I were passing through, and Edward talked a prodigious quantity of nonsense to her. He compared her to all the heroines of ancient times, and begged the mob to give three cheers for Coriolanus’s mother—which they did, and she was quite delighted.”

“Married! Mr. Spry married! it certainly is the oddest thing. It was quite impossible that any of us could have thought it. I am sure that the Harrisons will be more astonished than we are. I do not know what Julia Harrison will say.”

“Probably just what you are saying now,” said Lady Elizabeth. “Miss Rivers, how did the song begin that you were singing last night? ‘Ce n’est pas moi—c’est le cœur qui parle?’ I do not see why you called them

foolish words—I think there is a great deal of point in them.”

Eliza saw that Lady Elizabeth meant something disagreeable, but was quite guiltless of understanding what—she was busy thinking how she was to soften down a translation of some of Mr. Spry’s looks and words, that she had got up for Julia Harrison’s discomfiture, when she last saw her. She had made it manifest that it was her coldness alone which had prevented him from proposing on the spot. Significant looks had been exchanged by Julia and Kate while she spoke—was it possible that they had even then been better informed? There was confusion in the thought. But there were still two or three points upon which she wished to be informed, and she rallied. “I suppose, Mrs. Howard, it was at that cousin of yours that you met the Sprys—was it yesterday when the Harrisons dined there?”

“That cousin? what cousin? I declare I do not know that I have a cousin in town. What is the name of my cousin, Miss Beaumont?”

“I do not quite know the name,” said Eliza; and again she felt awkward, and wished that it was not too soon to go away. She was very glad that Miss Rivers now came forward with Lord Raymond, and took the conversation under her own management.

“I have done,” she said—an expression which means that the eagerness of argument has risen to its utmost height. “I have quite done—there is no use in arguing with a man who will not be convinced. No man has a right to say that he is sent into the world to lead a life which is useless to himself and his fellow-creatures; and you, Lord Raymond, less than any other man—you, the possessor of so many blessings, which if you cannot enjoy you can at least dispense.”

“That is the kind of sweeping assertion which one person makes for another, judging from what appears on the surface of life. You cannot tell, even were I in possession of the countless number of advantages you seem to imagine, but that I may have that within that neutra-

lises them all.'—And after all, what single advantage have I except riches—more riches than I want, and which, if I were out of the way, would probably be dispersed among those who would turn them to better account?"

"But why not disperse them yourself? The power of doing good and giving happiness is surely something?"

"It ought to be, and I have tried to do both; but I do not know how it is,—it seems to me that I fail in doing either: another in my place might succeed better. It certainly does appear to me that my life is a particularly useless one, and that I am merely filling the place that might be better filled by a better man."

"These are not your real sentiments, Lord Raymond," said Mr. Howard quietly; for he was too thoroughly imbued with the happiness of his own life to allow any body to cast reflections upon theirs. "You are not well this morning, or some trifle has put you out—I know how trifles do put one out sometimes. You know, Clara, what a way I was in all yesterday

morning, because my fool of a bailiff wrote me word that an incendiary had set fire to one of my hay-stacks. There was no great harm done; for it was a poor little stack; but still it vexed me. Twenty times in the course of the morning that hay-stack crossed my mind; and I talked of giving up farming—paying off all my labourers—and allowing the poor people no more dinners at Christmas. Clara and Harriet did nothing but laugh at me. Well, this morning comes a letter to say that the stack took fire because it was damp, and that there was no incendiary in the case; and I feel quite my own man again. Depend upon it you have had some little disappointment about making yourself useful to one particular person; so you fancy that you are useless to every body.”

“I *am* useless to every body. If any one creature in the world were dependent upon me for their happiness, I could be content: but there is not one. I might die to-morrow, and all the world equally pursue the even tenor of their lives. My mother and Mary might grieve

for a time ; but from boy-hood I have been separated from them ; and all their interests are distinct from mine. I certainly can do, what every one in my situation must do, employ tradesmen and spend money :—but I do it without interest, for I cannot be interested alone.”

“That is what I always say,” said Eliza Beaumont—“it is very stupid to do anything alone. Lord Raymond and I think quite alike about it. I never see the use of trying to do anything, unless there is somebody to do it with me.”

“I see what is the matter with him,” said Mr. Howard ; “he wants a wife, and eight or nine children, that is all. Let him take my advice, and marry as fast as he can, and we shall hear no more of the uselessness of his life. You agree with me, do not you Clara ?—That is good sound advice I am giving him, is not it, Harriet ?”

“No,” Miss Rivers answered, in her usual decided way ; “he does not want a wife—he wants employment. He is tired of being idle,

and of having every thing he can wish for ready provided for him ; and there are disadvantages in such a situation. But he has ample means of making himself useful to his fellow-creatures, if he would but set about discovering them. I believe that, owing to the selfishness of our natures, he is the happier man who, by employing his talents for the advantage of others, is securing his own advancement in life. I cannot pity you, Lord Raymond, for being born to the possession of wealth and rank, and all that men most covet ;—but I envy those who by their own exertions can win their way to them.”

“ You may envy Percival then ; for he is in a fair way to do so. He scorns the attempts of his friends to smooth the difficulties of his career.”

“ Scorn is a hard word to use,” said Mr. Percival ; “ but were you situated as I am, Raymond, you would hesitate before you accepted obligations from which you would have no certain prospect of being able to free yourself.

You would feel too, as strongly as I do, the pride of possessing friends who could wish to confer them. I hope that I am the last man who could scorn generosity and kindness."

Frederick spoke with emotion, and Harriet looked from him to Lord Raymond, and guessed pretty well the state of the case. "Well," she said, "I confess that I do envy Mr. Percival. I envy a great soldier—a great lawyer—any body who is great and distinguished in any way. If I were a man I would toil for fame and glory. I believe I would toil to obtain abuse and injustice, rather than remain quiet. You, Mr. Percival, who are a great politician, can never know how irksome it is to sit down and vegetate in peace."

"No, I am in no danger of doing any thing in peace. I am in the full enjoyment of those blessings you mention, abuse and injustice; for, of course, I think all abuse unjust. The fame and the glory you mention have as yet made themselves less apparent to me. However, I will not make a victim of myself, when I do

not deserve to be pitied. I like the excitement of public life. I like to feel that I am doing something, and to try to do something more. I could even be as happy, or still happier, in opposition, than I am in office; for I should probably feel more excitement. But I confess that I should be sorry to be condemned to complete retirement."

"Sorry! and with Ellen," Lord Raymond thought; but he only looked his indignation, and said nothing.

"I think retirement is a very stupid thing too," said Eliza Beaumont, "and we are going into the country to-morrow. It is such a pity, because Mrs. Frant's ball is the next day, and we wanted papa to stay for that. He says that he would, if it were not the 1st of August; but he has never yet been in town in August, and will not now. I wish that papa disliked retirement as much as you do, Mr. Percival."

"Frederick was thinking of Mrs. Frant's ball when he said that," Lady Elizabeth observed.

“Oh, I did not know that Mr. Percival knew Mrs. Frant. We have never seen him there. I shall think of you, Mr. Percival, on Friday night, when we are all sitting, as dull as death, in the red chintz-room that looks on the paddock, without a chance of seeing any living thing but Dick the cowman.”

“If you will settle yourself at the passage window which looks on the road, you may have a chance of seeing Ellen and Edward pass,” said Lady Elizabeth. “They are to arrive at Mordaunt Castle on Friday. I cannot say the exact time within four or five hours; but I suppose that can be no great object to you. It will only afford Dick, the cowman, an opportunity of pursuing his avocation without being remarked upon.”

“Captain Glanville! that will be delightful! How very fortunate that he should be going to Mordaunt Castle, just as we settle at Dornton.”

“The delight will certainly be mutual,” said Lady Elizabeth.

“You are sure, my love, that Ellen will

write and let us know of their arrival?" Mr. Dalrymple inquired. "It would be placing us in a very awkward position if she did not. As we are the nearest connections of the family in London, all inquiries are naturally directed to us. You explained this to your sister I trust?"

"Of course Ellen will write as usual. Then you will all dine with us to-morrow, Mrs. Howard. Lord Raymond, you will not forget that you are engaged to us. As to you, Frederick, I am tired of asking you, but if you will come we shall be happy to see you."

"Then I will, and, at the risk of lowering Miss Rivers's opinion of me, pass one evening in peace and retirement."

"You know it will be our first evening too in retirement," said Eliza Beaumont. "I am glad that we shall all be doing the same thing."

Anne now ventured to suggest that they had better go home, and not run the risk of missing the Harrisons;—and Eliza herself could no longer refuse to see that it was wished and ex-

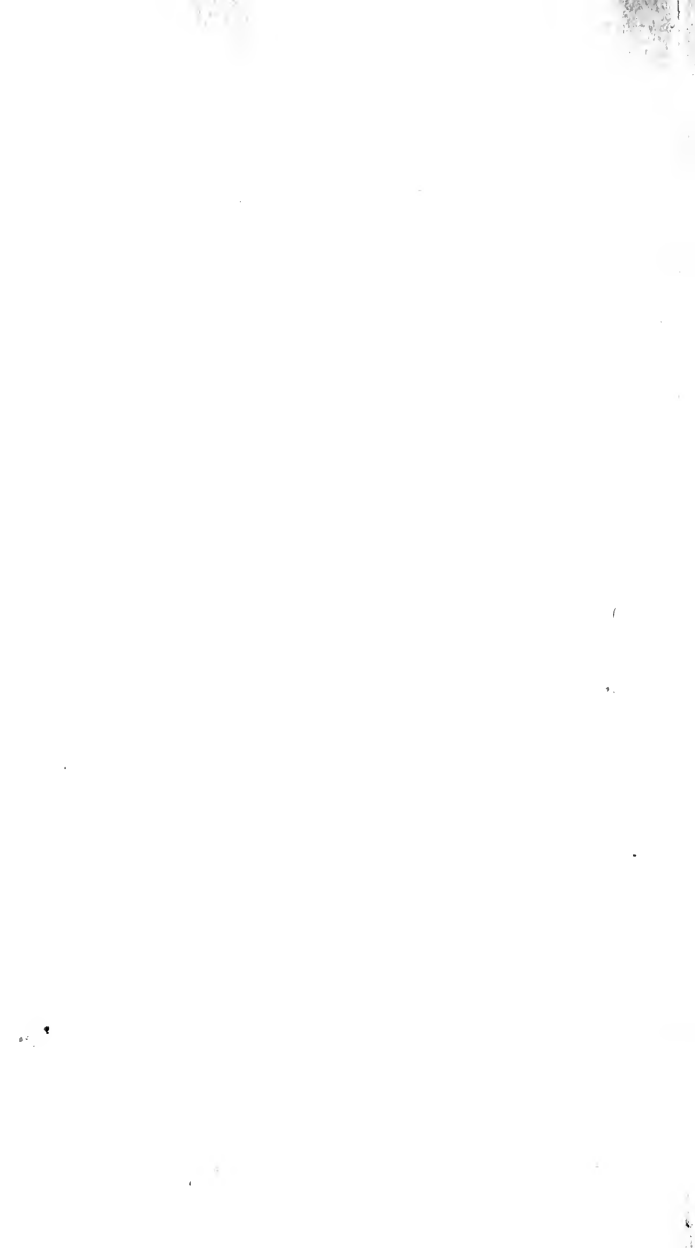
pected she should go away ; but she earnestly hoped that the Harrison farewell visit would be paid, before they could reach home. If she could only get safely out of London without seeing them, there could be no doubt that, with the grand affair of Kate's marriage to intervene before they met again, the Spry business would die a natural death. At all events she could not be expected to remember one word she had ever said about him.

She had her wish ; for Julia and Kate had been and were gone. It was hard upon Anne to catch a glimpse of the tail of John Harrison's coat, as he turned out of the street ; but that was better than nothing ; and there was comfort in thinking that though she had lost his parting visit, the parting visit had been paid. And Mrs. Beaumont repeated some precious words that he had uttered : " He talked," she said, " of coming into our neighbourhood when his family settle after Kate's marriage ; but I do not think much of that ; for he is getting above his own belongings ; which is a great vexation

to his poor mother. I never think much of young men's talking."

That did not signify—Anne thought enough for both. Altogether the Beaumonts' London sun set cheerily. To be sure, as Eliza said, it would have been better if one of them had married; because it seemed so foolish that they should all three be going back to Dornton again. But she did not doubt they would do better the next year; and, in the meantime, Captain Glanville bowed to her as he passed the house on the Friday; for she happened to be at the passage-window at the right moment.

END OF VOL. II.



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